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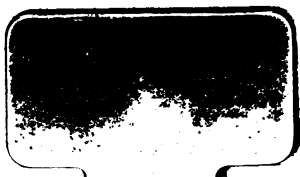
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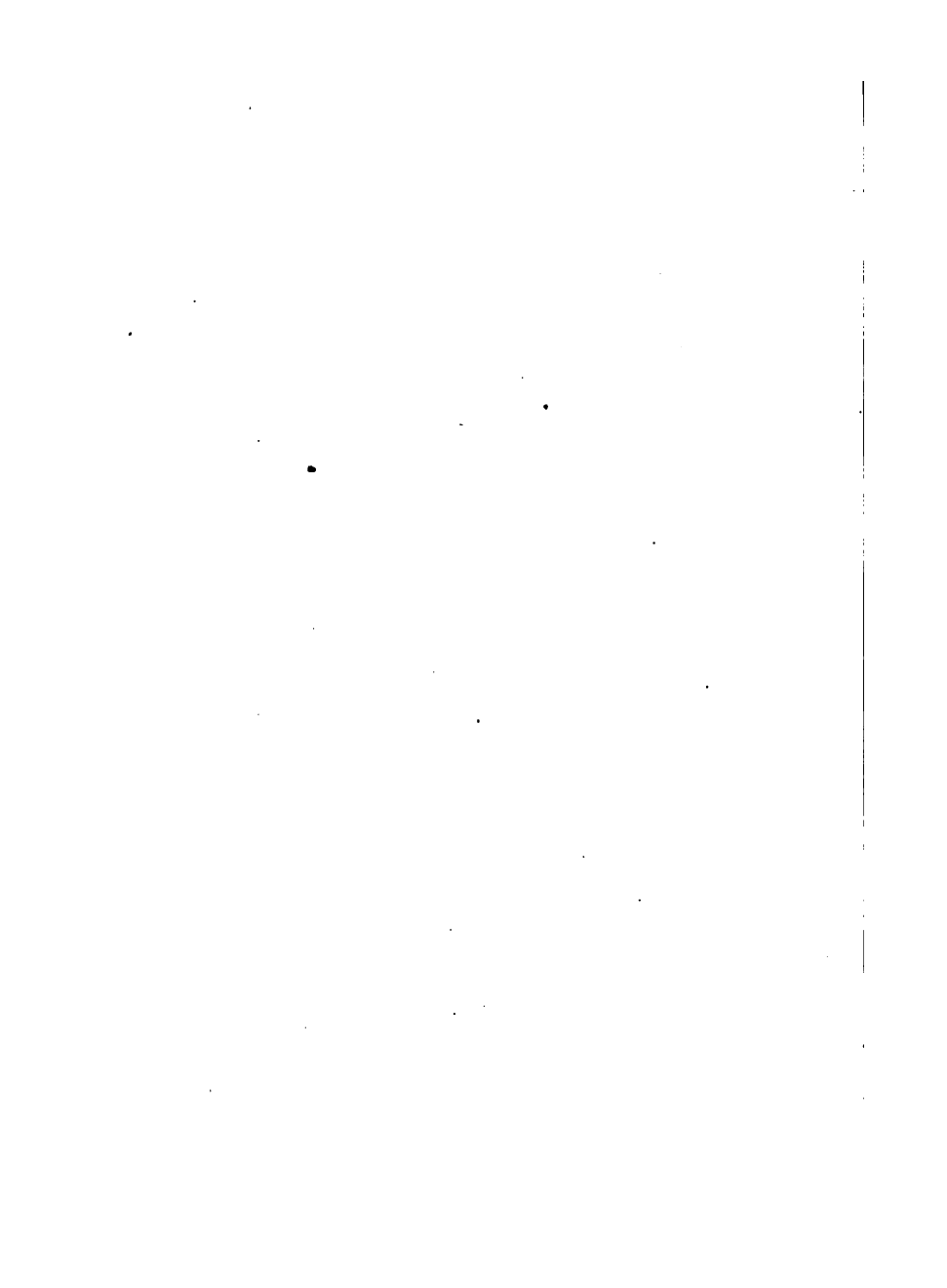
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*My Brother and I*







A  
**BOOK OF STORIES**  
FOR  
**YOUNG PEOPLE**

BY  
**MARY HOWITT, M<sup>RS</sup> S.C. HALL,  
M<sup>RS</sup> COWDEN CLARKE,  
&c.**



**LONDON.. W. S. ORR & CO., AMEN CORNER.**

Illustrated by J. W. Colburn, Esq., and J. H. Colburn, Esq.



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BY  
MARY HOWITT, MRS. S. C. HALL,  
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, FROM DESIGNS BY ABSOLON.

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# THE FAVORITE SCHOLAR.

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## PART I.

IT was Saturday afternoon, and Johann Engelhardt, the schoolmaster and curate of Pappenheim, sat in his dressing-gown and slippers outside his garden-door, before a little writing-table, enjoying the luxurious independence of the Saturday afternoon in revising, for the hundredth time, his manuscript "Treatise on the Dual of the Greek Nouns." Barbara, his old servant, was busied within the kitchen, preparing cherry-cake for the Sunday's dinner.

"Barbara," inquired the Curate, "has Friedrich been here this afternoon?"

"No," said she; "what should he come for, the poor boy? Was he not in the school this morning?"

"No," returned the Curate; "but make the cake big enough, Barbara; he shall dine with us to-morrow."

"Butcher Metsger," said Barbara, "dines like a prince on Sundays; there are two joints, and vege-





tables, and a pudding; but for all that, Friedrich would much rather dine here. It is a pity he cannot live with us, for they never can make a butcher of him!"

"The Lord's will be done," returned the Curate, sighing; "he knows that which is best for us all, and yet——" he did not finish his sentence, but he began a calculation in his own mind, which he had made at least a dozen times before, namely, whether the income which barely sufficed for two persons could be made to maintain three. The calculation ended with another deep sigh, by which we may conclude that the result of it was not satisfactory.

"Barbara," again began the Curate, "see that, on Monday, my every-day coat is mended at the elbows, and on Tuesday let it be folded neatly, and put in the press; a few days' rest now and then is good for everything." Barbara said that this should be attended to, adding, that she had looked out his walking shoes, and that they should be oiled and made ready for Wednesday. The Curate said that was right, and then Barbara having made two cherry-cakes instead of one, in expectation of the morrow's guest, went out with them on her head to the bakehouse. The Curate then filled his pipe, lighted it, and began to pace slowly up and down the middle alley of his garden; and while he is so doing, we will give the reader a little information which he ought to possess for the better understanding of our story.

According to the ancient regulations of the grammar-

school in Pappenheim, it was required that the master, four times in the year, that is to say, at the end of each quarter, should drink a certain quantity of a certain mineral water, on which occasion he received his prescribed quarterly payment of about two pounds sterling.

At the end of every quarter, therefore, he drank mineral water. This, of course, concerned himself, and was his own private affair: but had our dear young readers heard, on the close of the quarterly Saturday afternoon, when the worthy schoolmaster made known, in a clear tone of voice and in language easy to be understood, that, on the following Monday he should drink the mineral water, and had heard thereupon the murmur of applause, and had seen the nodding of heads and the broad grins of delight that followed, he would have been quite sure that the scholars, every one of them, had in it their share of pleasure also.

The truth was, that this announcement of the Schoolmaster, which to unlearned ears simply expressed his intention of drinking mineral water on the next Monday, was just the same to the scholars as if he had gone on to say, and that, on Tuesday, he should receive presents from their parents; and on Wednesday, that he should take them (the scholars) all a long ramble. In all this the scholars had a long perspective of happiness; first, there was a whole holiday on Monday for play; secondly, on Tuesday, there was the home preparation of presents, cakes, and dried fruits, eggs and cheeses, part of which they themselves were to eat

with the master, to say nothing of the pickings and gleanings which they had beforehand; and thirdly and lastly, there was, on Wednesday, the ramble beyond the limits of their own narrow valley, and sometimes even the climbing to the top of a mountain, whence they got a peep into the wide world.

Thus much told, we return to the Curate, whom we left smoking his pipe in the middle alley of his garden. Whilst he was thus encircled, as it were, by a halo of fragrance, the door in the angle of the garden-wall slowly opened, and a head was thrust cautiously in, and then as cautiously withdrawn again and the door closed, but so softly as not to catch the ear of the Curate. The head that was thrust in was that of a boy of perhaps twelve years of age, fine-featured, and delicately complexioned, whose abundant hair, wavy rather than curled, fell upon his shoulders, and was partially covered by a little black cap, which sat gracefully on the crown of his head, and just touched the tip of his right ear. Had we or the Curate been near enough, that momentary glimpse would have sufficed to shew an expression of apprehension and trouble on that young countenance. The Curate walked on, and as the boy has apparently withdrawn himself, we will take this opportunity of making the reader better acquainted with him.

Friedrich Seyfried, ridiculed by his companions for his love of books, and for his fits of absence and abstraction of mind, was the son of a poor but learned man, whose books, though found on the shelves of the

erudite, brought money into nobody's pocket but the printer's. He died whilst his son was yet too young to remember him; and his widow, who after his death maintained herself and her son by the embroidery of carpets, had now been dead also a few months. Friedrich had been carefully and well nurtured by his mother, and he had been long the favorite scholar of the Curate, who, after his mother's death, took him to remain in his house until some one of his relations offered to provide for him.

The relations, however, made no haste with these offers, and when they did, they were, unfortunately, by no means successful. The first who made trial of him was an apothecary, the half-brother of his mother. For a few weeks, all went on very well; the apothecary was charmed with his knowledge of Latin and Greek, and already began to employ him in compounding of medicines. Unfortunately, however, one day, as he was ordered by the cook to prepare mug-wort for the roast goose, in a fit of absence of mind he gave her wormwood instead. A Michaelmas goose cooked with wormwood was an unheard-of dish: the goose was spoiled. Friedrich, that same night, was sent back to the Curate's, with a polite note from the apothecary, saying that he would not have his life embittered by so unskilful a person.

The next attempt was with the half-brother of Friedrich's father, who was a shopkeeper and gingerbread-baker; but things went on no better here than at the apothecary's, for whilst the poor lad was learning the

compounding of gingerbread, his mind was afloat among his books and his learning, and, mistaking salt for sugar, he shook a whole dishful into the mass, which was intended for Basle gingerbread, and ruined the whole baking. His uncle, who was a passionate man, gave him a box on the ear as warning to leave, and bade him tell the Curate that he would not lose his property and his profits in that way for any book-worm in the world.

Friedrich returned to the school-house humbled and mortified, and the apothecary and the gingerbread-baker, who supped together that night, agreed that "a boy whose head was always running a wool-gathering could not be much better than an idiot."

The Curate's was a spare table. Very little sufficed for him and old Barbara, and poor Friedrich had no chance of getting fat there. The butcher's wife, as she saw his thin fingers turning over the leaves of the hymn-book in church, had compassion on him, and as her husband was his godfather, she persuaded him to make a trial of him. Friedrich had no taste for killing cattle, but nevertheless, after his former failure, he went there with the determination to be useful. Nothing reconciled the Curate to the thought of his being a butcher, but the knowledge that he would have enough to eat.

The good Curate was consoling his mind with this reflection at the very moment when Friedrich opened the garden-door.

Friedrich was still standing outside, with his hand

upon the lock, and an expression of irresolution on his countenance, when Barbara, who was returning from the bakehouse, came unexpectedly upon him.

"How now, Friedrich," cried she, "are you here?"

"Oh! Barbara," said he, almost crying, "what will he say?"

"So then, they have sent you back again, have they?" asked the old woman. "Well, and what blunder have you made this time; spoiled another goose, have you?"

By this time they were in the kitchen, and Friedrich, throwing himself into a low seat, unburdened his conscience to Barbara. "I know they are very angry," said he, "and I do not wonder; for only think—and I cannot conceive how I did it—I emptied a gall into a mess of sausage-meat, and it was never found out till the half of Pappenheim were eating their dinners to-day!"

Barbara burst into a violent fit of laughter, and Friedrich, who thought the affair anything but amusing, sat looking very mournful, and twisting a piece of paper between his fingers.

"What have you there?" asked she, wiping away the tears of her laughter with her apron.

"It is a note for the Curate," said the boy; "they made me promise to give it him, for they know that I never broke my word. It is something very bad about me, and it will make him angry, I know; but he shall see it for all that."

Barbara took it, and read what was written: "Hum!"

said she, when she had finished, "it is the old story over again; he won't have his life and the lives of his customers embittered by any one who cannot tell a nail in a wall from a sausage-pan:" again the old woman laughed, and then went through the porch into the garden, where, his pipe being ended, the Curate had seated himself again at his writing-desk.

When Barbara returned, she looked almost as grave as Friedrich himself, and bade him go to the Curate in the garden.

Friedrich stole softly to the front of the little writing-desk, and stood like a culprit; the Curate, in whose hand was the piece of paper which Barbara had given him, eyed him severely.

"Friedrich," said he, "what is to be done? I would maintain you willingly, if I could, the Lord knows; but, as I cannot, it is high time that you learned to get your own living. As to studying, you must give that up; you have not one farthing for that."

"O, reverend sir!" answered the poor boy, "I have the very best will to get my own living, but I cannot, I cannot! and why, He knows best who created me. I went to my godfather's with the firmest determination to be mindful, and not to give you any more trouble; but, neither my head nor my hand is good for any trade. When I was at the apothecary's, if I went to fetch herbs out of the ingredient-room, then came "*Beatus ille qui procul*" into my head, and I brought the wrong thing; and at the gingerbread-maker's, even while I was trying to do right, and to avoid both the anger and

the laughter of them all, I was sure to mistake one thing for another; and at my godfather's, if I took a sausage by the end, it was sure to slip out of my fingers; if I took hold of it by both ends, they all laughed at me, and asked if I thought it would run away."

The Curate smiled too at this simple and candid confession.

That smile went to the poor boy's heart, and he said mournfully, and with tears in his eyes, "I know not that which the Almighty wills for me, poor orphan! It seems to me as if everything excepting books burnt my fingers, and yet I must renounce books for ever! My soul thirsts after the fountains of knowledge; I feel the thirst as the reaper feels his in harvest-time, and yet I must renounce the very means which would satisfy it! Oh, reverend sir, you have your pleasure in books, you know what it is; you are the only person in Pappenheim who can understand me! I have displeased you, I know, but, oh, cast me not off! tell me only to whom I could turn myself!"

The Curate turned his face from the boy, and fixing his eyes upon the garden-bed opposite, as if studying the growing cabbages, said, with a somewhat tremulous voice:—"Friedrich, I think that, hitherto, we have forgotten over our books the right person, namely, the Almighty; that is to say, I think that we have, hitherto, studied too much, and prayed too little. Instead, as hitherto, of going here and there, and knocking at the doors of friends and relations, we should



have given all honour and preference to the Father in heaven, and have knocked at his door : ' Knock, and it shall be opened to you', he says ; and his gracious words are, ' Call on me in thy need, and I will help thee, and thou shalt praise me.' He alone it is who has for every Samuel a temple, for every David a harp, and for every son of Saphet a prophet's mantle. And, my poor Friedrich, he who has created this thirst in thee, will also show thee a fountain of water in the desert ! But we must seek that which we need from him in prayer."

Friedrich heard the words of his kind, fatherly friend. He made no reply, but went at once into the little cell-like chamber which had been hitherto allotted to him, in the old school-house, as his sleeping-room ; and there, bolting the door upon himself, poured out all his griefs before his Father in heaven, with many tears.

## PART II.

It was now Wednesday morning, the morning of the great quarterly ramble ; and already, soon after day-break, the Latin scholars were assembled in the court of the school-house, waiting for the Curate, Friedrich, and the Curate's dog, who always made one of the party on such occasions.

Long before the scholars had assembled in the court,—before the dog's impatient bark was heard,—almost before the very day had dawned,—Friedrich had poured

forth his heart earnestly at the throne of mercy:—  
“Lord, I am in thy hands: provide for me as thou best knowest how.”

The sun shone bright and warm; spangles of dew hung and sparkled on every leaf and flower; fleecy mist-clouds rose upwards from the valley, and reflected the light of the sun; the Curate's poodle ran bounding on and barked; and the scholars went on, laughing and talking. A whole day of sunshine and freedom was before them; for it was the established rule of these rambles, that the whole day, from morning to night, was to be spent under the free heavens; nor were they once to enter under a roof: and for this reason a certain number of the elder, or Latin class, carried with them whatever was needful for the day's sustenance: that which they required from nature on her side was a shady tree, a spring of water, dry wood, and a place in which to make a fire.

The eldest scholar carried, in a sort of quiver on his back, two Cologne pipes, with a bag filled with fine tobacco swung from his button-hole; while the tinder-box and matches were stowed away in his trousers'-pockets. His brother was laden, on his part, with a copper kettle, the three-legged stand for which, tied to a string, he carried in his hand, and from which, with a brass ladle, he drew sounds rather loud than harmonious. No. 3 carried a piece of beef, which his mother, the butcher's wife, had sent, wrapped in cabbage leaves, and tied in a napkin: and here it may be remarked, that after the dog had once got scent of this bag, he

never afterwards left his side. A fourth boy carried the manchet bread and the milk cakes; all which, however, were put into a bag, tied by the Curate with a gordian knot, in order that he might be out of the way of temptation. No. 5 might be supposed to be carrying eggs, so carefully did he walk along with the basket which he held on his arm. Eggs, however, he had not, but a coffee service, which his grandmother had lent for the day, and the care of which she had laid upon his conscience. No. 6 carried a bell-shaped coffee-pot, which served its bearer as an instrument on which to accompany No. 2. To Friedrich was nothing entrusted, excepting "Falkenstein's Chronicle," because, as his friend the Curate remarked, he was fit for nothing but books.

Off they went; and our friendly young reader must be so good as to go with them, over hills and through valleys, six miles, at least, to the village Fosse.

This place had its name from the canal by which, as is well known, Charlemagne intended to unite the two great rivers of his kingdom, the Rhine and the Danube. Of this magnificent attempt, this Fosse, or ditch, is all that remains.

The scholars came to a stand under two pine-trees by a fish-pond near the edge of the Fosse; nor was it very long before they had a good fire burning, above which was placed the brass kettle, and within it that handsome round of beef, which had made the arm of the butcher's son ache with carrying.

"You," said the Curate, well pleased, to one of his







*Fig. 1. A family in the 18th century.*



scholars, "must skim the broth; and you," added he, fixing his eye on Friedrich, "must take care that no carp leaps out of the pond into the kettle."

"Yes, certainly," answered poor Friedrich, who was deeply thinking on Charlemagne and the village Fosse; and all his companions laughed in chorus.

Meantime, a deputation of boys, who had been sent to the next village, with an invitation from the Curate to the school-master, returned, bringing him with them, and bringing also a quantity of plates and knives and forks, which they had been ordered to borrow from his wife.

The dinner, which was very well cooked, consisted of two courses; white bread-soup, and boiled beef. A better dinner need not have been set before a king;—but, alas! at the moment of eating, it was discovered that the mustard was forgotten, and instead thereof the Curate's pomatum-pot had been brought!

After dinner the discourse naturally turned on the Fossa Carolina, or Charlemagne's Ditch; and the village schoolmaster told its story in the following manner:—

"In the year of our Lord 793, Charlemagne, being at peace with all his enemies, betook himself to Eichstadt, where Winifred, or Bonifacius, the apostle of the Germans, had created a bishop's see. In those days the vast forests swarmed with wild bulls, enormous moose-deer, and bears; and powerful hunters came from far and near to hunt in the old woods. Charlemagne, also, who was a lover of the chase, went often



forth a-hunting from the little convent of St. Willibald, where he had taken up his abode.

“One day, after he had dined in the convent from his favourite dish of roast venison, and had enjoyed a little after-dinner nap, he went out with the fat prior upon the walls with which, for its better security, the convent was surrounded, in order to enjoy the fresh air and the fine prospect.

“And it was a magnificent prospect that Charlemagne had from the convent walls. North, south, east, and west, he saw his kingdom stretching before him; and then was it that he first formed the grand idea of uniting the two ends of his realm, and thus opening a safe highway for traffic.

“The good prior strengthened the king’s idea, but not, indeed, because he cared about trade or traffic, but because there stood just opposite to the convent, upon a point of the hills, in the very middle of the marsh, a heathen temple. To be sure, it had then no longer its priests, nor was any regular worship or sacrifice performed there; yet still it kept alive many a dark and fearful superstition. The prior, to whom this temple was as a thorn in the eye, turned now the king’s attention to it, well knowing that the defender of the church could, if he would, remove an idol temple, even of the greatest antiquity.

“With Charlemagne, the doing of a thing followed its resolve, as quickly and surely as the thunder follows the lightning; therefore the cutting of the great canal was commenced immediately. The convent of St.

Willibald, which was as well placed for this work as for the chase, was made its head-quarters, and the people for twelve miles round were summoned to labour at the great undertaking.

“In the beginning all went on well. The labourers, who were serfs, or slaves of the soil, came to it with the greatest readiness. Many and many had never seen the great Frank-King, and seized now with joy the opportunity of beholding him face to face; others feared his heavy hand and his sharp sword; others, again, had fought under his banner, and pressed to come forward once more into his presence. The season and the weather were the most favourable in the world, and the soil, which was clay and sand, was very easy to work. In three weeks’ time the canal had advanced to the state in which it now is.

“Charlemagne, in the joy of his work, had quite forgotten the good prior’s heathen temple. One evening, however, as he was riding home to the convent, within sight of the place, a sunbeam streamed from an opening in the evening clouds, and lighted it up. Charlemagne thought of his promise to the prior to have this abomination removed. He blamed himself, as for a sin, that he had neglected spiritual for temporal things; and gave orders that on the next day, the labourers, instead of working in the Fosse, should go and level to the very ground this place of offence to the good monks.

“On the evening of the next day, accordingly, nothing remained in the place but overturned stones;

part of which are now sunk into the marsh, and others have served in later years for foundation and corner-stones of the village and church which sprung up there.

"The king, however, had lost the hearts of the people by thus demolishing the old temple. Most of them, although baptised, were nothing but ignorant heathens, and were as much annoyed by this sudden destruction of their temple, as the people of old, who said to Joas, 'Give us thy son, that he may die; inasmuch as he has broken down the altar of Baal, and has hewn down the grove thereof.' In order, therefore, to revenge themselves, they resolved not again to work at the Fosse.

"The next morning, therefore, a messenger came to the king in St. Willibald's convent, with the tidings that the overseer of the work stood alone in the Fosse: the labourers had all vanished in the night, like storks in autumn. The king had no army with him at that time with which to drive the disobedient forth from their glens, their woods, and their hiding-places, and before he could arrange any mode of compulsion, he was called away to chastise the insurgent Saxons."

Here the schoolmaster was interrupted by the return of the scholars, who had been in search of wood to make up the fire for the preparation of coffee; and with them, to the surprise of the Curate and his friend, came two strangers, a gentleman and lady, who were in deep mourning, and whose appearance was that of people of wealth and condition. Their countenances were amiable and kind, but expressive of a deep melancholy;

they seemed like persons who had lost some beloved friend, and were upon a journey which should remove them from the neighbourhood where everything reminded them of their loss.

The Curate received them in the most friendly manner, and invited them to spend an hour with him and his wandering school, and to be pleased to drink a cup of the coffee, which his Latin cooks should instantly prepare. The invitation was thankfully accepted.

The gentlemen filled and lighted their pipes, and the lady, by her own choice, busied herself in assisting the boys in the preparation of the coffee. Better coffee never was presented to a select company of ladies. But ah! the white sugar which had been brought put them all into the utmost perplexity. Friedrich, instead of sugar, had given out a quantity of broken alabaster, which, a short time before, had been collected in a quarry, and now lay in the Curate's cupboard. The error was rather excusable, because broken alabaster resembles broken white sugar. But who can tell the shame and mortification of poor Friedrich! The apothecary's Michaelmas goose, the salted gingerbread, and the embittered sausages; seemed at once to fly in his face. He could have cried with humiliation. And then, what was to be done? Must they all drink their coffee, like the Arabs in the desert, without sugar, and that through his fault? He sat with downcast eyes, and said not a word in his own excuse. Fortunately, however, for him, at the very moment when he heard the whispered jeering of his school companions around

him, the kind-hearted strangers set all right by declaring that they had a good store of sugar-candy in their travelling-carriage, a short distance off. To Friedrich they seemed like angels from heaven.

A short quarter of an hour set all right, and the lady graciously declared that the coffee was only the clearer for standing so long.

"Friedrich," said the Curate, anxious to re-instate his poor favorite in the good opinion of his guests, and at the same time meaning to inculcate a moral lesson to the boys, who still jeered him about his stone-sugar, "come here; canst thou not tell us something for our entertainment?"

Friedrich rose up, blushed, and looked round the company.

"Thou canst tell us that which the Miller's George did when his enemy threw a cherry-stone at him, canst thou not?" asked the Curate.

Friedrich bowed, and, turning himself towards the strangers, began as follows:—"The Miller's George sat one Sunday evening upon the bench by the door, learning out of his prayer-book. It was always very difficult for George to learn; and for that reason he learnt every thing aloud, which drew upon him the ridicule of his school-companions. Just at that moment there came up to him one of his young persecutors, the constable's son Hans, and threw a cherry-stone at his eye, which hurt him very much. George, however, took no notice, but remained sitting on the bench; and only said to himself, 'What pain it gives me! If I

had had no eye-lids to my eyes, like the carp in my father's mill-dam, it would have knocked my eye out !' He then took up the cherry-stone, examined it on this side and on that, and put it in his waistcoat pocket. After that he went on learning ; and the lesson which he was driving into his head was this : ' And since we daily sin greatly, and deserve punishment, ought we not, on our part, heartily to forgive, and be willing to do good to those that sin against us ? ' and all the time he was learning it, he was obliged to keep wiping away the water which ran from his eye with his shirt sleeve.

" Eight days after this, as he was feeling in his pocket, he found the cherry-stone ; and he thought to himself, that that was not the best way of keeping it, so he went into the garden and set it like a bean, in the soil near the garden hedge : and, as it generally happens with seed when it is sown, the kernel of the cherry-stone shot forth, and sprang up, and grew a foot in height every year. One day George looked at it, and bent it this way and that ; and ' Now,' said he to himself, ' if I let it grow on just as it pleases, it will be no better than the constable's Hans, who, everybody says, is wilder than an unbroken colt.' So he fetched the schoolmaster, who understood how to manage this as well as children, and asked him to look at his young cherry-tree. The schoolmaster directly cut off all the wild shoots, and grafted upon the stock the real great-heart cherry. After this the tree grew and grew, and all the nobler shoots spread themselves high and wide, till the tree was larger and finer than any in the garden.

“Anybody who had not seen it for twenty years, would no more have known it than they would have known the Miller’s George himself. Very handsome and richly ornamented were they both, on a certain Sunday evening, as they stood together; the tree with its thousands of leaves and abundant crimson fruit, and he with manly beauty, and grace, and joy, in his countenance. Nor were either of them known again by a man who crept along under the garden hedge, as if he feared to show himself again in that village. The Miller’s George, however, knew this prodigal son, in the torn coat and worn-out shoes, to be no other than his old enemy the constable’s Hans; but he behaved just as if he knew him not, and called him to his garden gate. ‘Friend,’ said he, ‘you are weary, and hungry, and thirsty; come and sit under my tree, and I will give you bread to eat, and wine to drink, and then you shall proceed on your journey.’

“Hans knew the voice; he saw where he was; and, with tears in his eyes—tears of repentance and remorse—sat down under the tree, and, for the first time in his life, earnestly prayed God to forgive him.”

When Friedrich had ended his story, the stranger gentleman commended it greatly, but the lady said nothing: tears were rapidly chasing each other down her cheeks. The gentleman, who knew very well the cause of his wife’s tears, and that it had nothing to do with the story she had just heard, inquired from the boy if he could not relate something more to them. Friedrich, who, on finishing his former story, had withdrawn to

his place among the boys, at a hint from the Curate, again approached ; and wishing to say something which should, as he thought, be applicable to the lady who wept, and was in mourning, he bowed, and began, in a low voice, as follows :—

“ Once upon a time, a mother went over the sea in a little boat, towards her home in Heligoland ; and her thoughts travelled far quicker than her boat in the moonlight. But the little daughter that lay in her lap did not let the mother dream long about home, but pointed between the fluttering sails up to Heaven, and said : ‘ Eh ! what large glow-worms are raining down from the stars : if they would only fall on the deck, instead of into the sea, I would take them with me, and lay them under the rose-bushes in our garden, when we get home.’

“ But that little maiden was weak in health, and never again was to see her earthly home. Her mother sighed, and said to her, ‘ They are not glow-worms that thou seest falling there : and beyond the stars there lies a great and most beautiful garden ; God himself has planted it, and holy angels are its guardians ; and many times they come down to the earth, and fetch up there the spirits of children who die, that they may grow up there, and joyfully wait there till their fathers and mothers join them. The trees in that garden bear twelve times in the year golden apples, juicy as peaches, and more fragrant than strawberries ; and the trees there are never yellow and leafless, as with us, but always bear leaves, and fruits, and flowers. The trees,



however, are very tall, and the children cannot reach the apples; the angels, therefore, that fly past, come and shake the branches, and the apples fall on the velvet-green grass below. And sometimes, if the angels be not very careful, they strike down the snowy flowers with their wings; and then it happens sometimes, that the evening wind blows them over the garden-wall down to the earth. But then they do not remain long, but fade away like the rose-tint from thy cheek, my poor child!’

“The little ship in awhile ended its voyage, and the mother stepped on the shore of her native Heligoland. Behind her they carried out of the ship a little chest of ebony wood. It contained—not rubies nor pearls, nor fine linen nor purple; but something more precious than all these—the bones of the dead child.”

Friedrich’s voice trembled as he spoke the last words, for he was thinking of his own mother’s funeral, and, glancing round, he saw that the Curate shook his head, and that the lady was weeping more than ever.

“I have done something wrong again! I have made another mistake!” thought poor Friedrich, and stole back to his seat among the boys.

“My wife,” said the stranger gentleman, drawing the Curate aside, “weeps for our son, our only child. It is but eight days since his remains were laid in the churchyard of St. John’s, in our city. This very autumn he was to have entered the class which I teach as rector of the Gymnasium in Nürnberg.”

At these words of the stranger, the Curate, and the

village schoolmaster who had approached them, stood in astonishment, and began to emulate each other in showing their respect to so celebrated and distinguished a man. He received their demonstrations of regard with a grateful pressure of the hand, and motioning them to resume their seats, one on each side of him, continued thus:—

“Yes, my Friedrich was a son—I can say it now as a father—like which the world has but few. He occasioned me none of the disagreeables which the instruction of an only son often brings with it. Peace and quietness were his element; the library his world. Love to God, humility, and willingness to be useful to his fellow-creatures, were the marked features of his character. He could already anticipate the pleasure of making a figure in the learned world, for he had advanced far in knowledge.” He paused a few seconds, and then continued: “After all that I have seen and heard, in this short time, of your dear young scholar Friedrich there, he seems to me the prototype of my lost son—in size, in voice, and in mind, which speaks in looks and actions. All this reminds my wife livingly of her loss.”

“And yet, at the same time,” interrupted the lady, “this great resemblance consoles me; and I should be greatly obliged to my husband’s friend, if he would allow his young pupil to pass a few days of the just now commenced midsummer vacation with us in Nürnberg. The ink in my son’s writing-desk is not yet dry: his pen lies as he laid it last out of his hand: his chair

stands as he left it when he pushed it back and rose, complaining to me of that headache which ended in his being removed from us.—Dear youth," said she, turning to Friedrich, whom the Curate had beckoned forward, "will not you pass at least a few weeks in this little chamber, that it may become again pleasant to me; that therein, once more, a being may dwell, of whom I may ask, now and then, as I did from my good Fritz, 'How is it with thee?'"

Friedrich and the Curate had both tears in their eyes, and were both of them about to answer, when one of his school companions started forward and said, "Oh, gracious lady, yes! He will go with you, without doubt. The apothecary, the gingerbread-baker, and the butcher, have all tried him; but he was good for nothing! He will be glad to go with you!"

The Curate gave the boy a box on his ear for his pains, and then began to explain to the good rector and his lady the exact situation of his young favorite. "If," concluded he, "you have compassion on this poor orphan, and will give to him, even in the lowest degree, the place of your deceased son, in house and heart, then will the Lord have heard the prayer which I this morning put up on his behalf!"

"May I then, wholly and for ever, take him to myself?" asked the stranger.

The Curate assented, adding that it was the Lord who had provided for him.

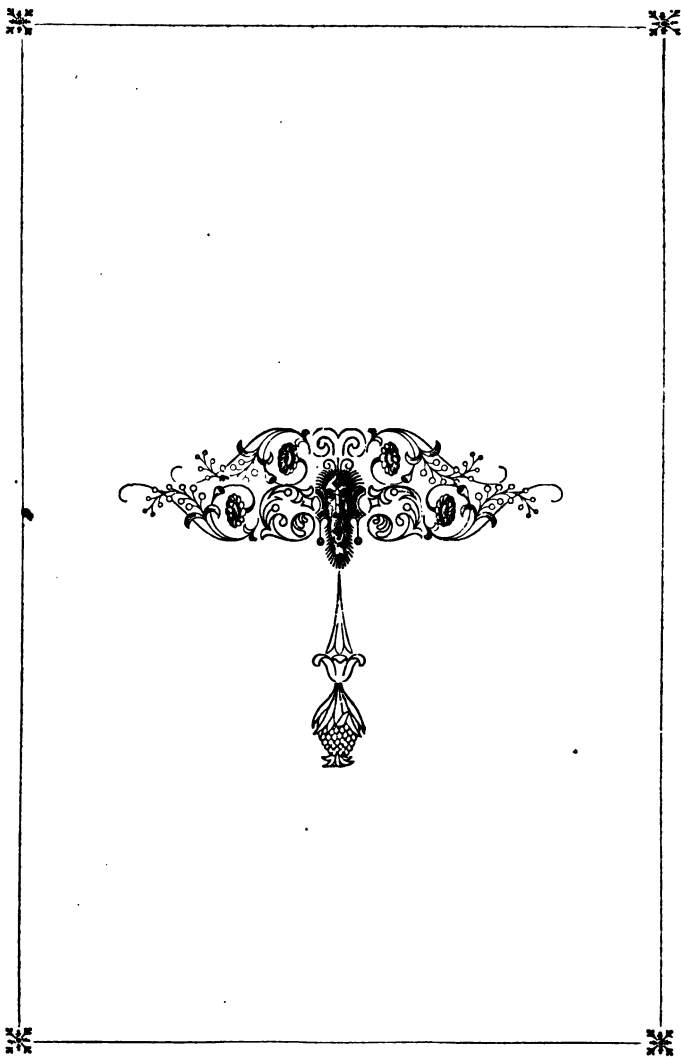
"Now then, my son," said the stranger, addressing Friedrich, "follow us. All that I ask from you is love

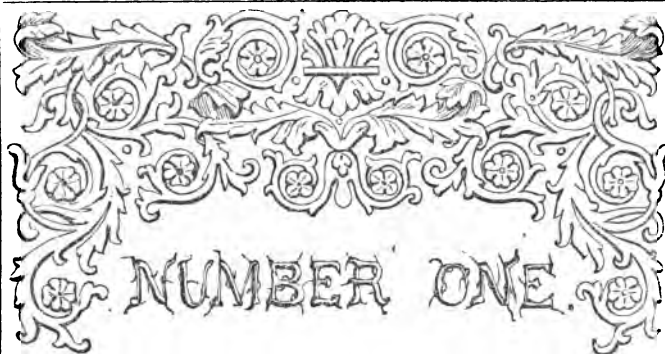
to God, love to me and to your second mother, and love for learning."

Friedrich laid his hands in those of his newly adopted parents, and wished to say something which might express his thanks, but he could only say, in a voice scarcely audible, "Lord, I am not worthy of the love and kindness which thou hast shewn to me, thy poor servant!"

The friendly young reader can now imagine the rest : can imagine how the good Nürnbergers agreed to pass a few days with the friendly Curate at Pappenheim ; and furthermore, can imagine how, on the fourth day, they set off, Friedrich sitting between his foster-parents, in their large family chaise. The roads in those days were not as good as they are now, and travellers had to encounter marshes and sands, flats and rocks, of which people now-a-days know nothing ; but, for all that, the reader can imagine how the rector's strong horses drew them merrily onwards ; and how, on the evening of the third day of their journey, they arrived safely at their home in the old city of Nürnberg.







WHEN Hector Howard was born, there was great joy among all the inmates of Howard Place,—his papa ordered an ox to be roasted whole on the village green, and the villagers, who were his tenants and servants, made a huge “bonfire” on the top of the hill; the bells rang merrily, and old and young danced and sung by the light of the moon. Mr. Howard was charmed that “Number One,” as he called the infant, was a boy, and at his christening the festivities were renewed with still more boisterous manifestations of delight. Mrs. Howard, a kind, gentle woman, of course loved her little son, and thought that when his nurse pronounced him to be a perfect beauty (having papa’s hair, mamma’s eyes, and grandmamma’s mouth), she hardly did him justice. Hector was certainly a very pretty baby, and, moreover, good tempered and cheerful; but mammas and nurses, by over fondness, sometimes spoil their little treasures, and a “Number One” is usually placed in a position of more than ordinary peril.



When Hector was eighteen months old, he was a very fine fellow indeed, strong, and would have been healthy, had not his nurse indulged him by giving him sweet cakes and sugarplums whenever he cried for them. This was unfortunate both for him and his nurse, as it disordered his stomach and rendered him so fretful and impatient, that he would whine by the hour, and, if asleep, instead of looking rosy and remaining quiet, he would toss his arms about, while his lips and hands were so hot and feverish, that, when his tender parents sent for the doctor, the doctor said he must have had improper food ; and Nurse, very wickedly, did not tell him *all* she had given the baby. When persons do what is wrong, they are frequently so cowardly as to conceal it ; whereas, if they were to tell *all* the truth, the mischief might be remedied. In this case, if the doctor had known that the greedy baby had devoured two heart-cakes, a half-ripe pear, and a roll of pink and yellow sugarplums during his airing in the park, he could have relieved his sufferings much sooner than he did ; and I must say, I think Nurse deserved to lose, as she did lose, several nights' rest in consequence.

When Hector grew older, from crying for cakes and sugarplums, he went on to cry for everything he wished for ; and, if it were not immediately given him, would become violent. His dear mamma was in delicate health, and could not endure noise or agitation of any kind ; if she had been well, I am sure she loved "Number One" too truly to have indulged him as his nurse did.

At five years old, having neither brother nor sister, he was still "Number One," and, unfortunately, constantly heard the nurse saying that, "Indeed Master Hector was an only child, and must not be contradicted, for his life was of great consequence to the family;" and the servants endured his violence and rudeness, rather than hazard the displeasure of the nurse, who petted and spoiled the "Young Master" in a shameful way; and as her mistress suffered so much from ill health, she was out of the way of seeing or hearing, except what the nurse chose to tell her; and one servant, who ventured to tell Master Hector he was a very naughty boy, because he threw a tumbler of water in her face, received warning a few days after, and was not permitted to speak to her mistress.

Children, who are prevented by the care and watchfulness of their parents from contracting bad habits, can never be sufficiently grateful to God for his goodness in having given them such sensible protectors. Mr. Howard was a great deal from home; he was a magistrate and a member of Parliament; and seldom saw Hector but when dressed, not only in his best clothes, but his best manners,—generally, when brought in after dinner, in a handsome velvet tunic, his fair hair curling abundantly over his shoulders, and then he was much admired by whatever company happened to be at the Place, and as he had no brothers or sisters, or even little cousins, to divide the caresses of the ladies and gentlemen who were assembled round the table, he grew at length to think that no one else in



the world had a right to receive them, or partake of the dessert so thoughtlessly heaped upon his plate.

It chanced that a lady was dining one day at Howard Place, who possessed a very beautiful dog; Mrs. Howard had heard so much of the dog's beauty, that she had requested her to bring it with her, and the lady did so. It was remarkably small, having long silken hair; and its little limbs were so slender and delicate, that it would run along the dining-table, in and out, amid the wine glasses, without upsetting anything or doing any injury whatever. This amused the company a great deal, and no one seemed more amused than Hector. He clapped his hands with delight, and kissed the long ears and tiny paws of the dog over and over again. The little animal had run once round the table in this manner, and had got as far as where Hector sat, on its second round, when it suddenly made a pause at his plate, looking wistfully at a piece of cake he was eating with an eagerness that is exceedingly ill-bred as well as unhealthy. I dare say the little dog had been as much accustomed to consider everything it saw made for its own especial use, as the little boy. At all events, putting its paw into Hector's plate, it seized, and as quickly swallowed, the largest piece of his favorite cake. I really am ashamed to tell you how a boy could have shown such selfish violence; no one present could avoid seeing that it must have been of long growth, to have acquired such strength. In an instant the face, which before had been so joyous and lovely to look upon, became fright-

ful from selfish disappointment and revenge, and instead of laughing at the little dog's trick, and rejoicing that he was able to return pleasure, for the pleasure the animal's dexterity and beauty had afforded him, he dealt it a violent blow, which flung it against a claret decanter, that rolled off the table into a lady's lap, but which she was kind enough to say was of little consequence. The little dog was not only stunned by the blow, but its head was severely wounded in several places by the sharp edges of the decanter, and one eye was so injured, that it could not be opened for several days. Mrs. Howard was greatly shocked at her son's conduct; and, while Hector endeavoured to justify himself, by exclaiming—"He eat my cake!—how dare he eat my favorite cake?"—his papa carried him forcibly out of the room, and locking him up in a closet, put the key into his pocket, determined, when the violence of the child's temper was abated, to show him how wickedly he had acted; and, in the meantime, to deliberate upon the best means of punishing his offence, and checking so selfish a disposition, which, of all others, causes us to be most hated by our fellow-creatures, and leaves us in the evening of life without friends. When Nurse heard of her darling's disgrace, instead of leaving him, as she ought to have done, to his papa's management, she went to the window of the closet, told him not to cry, gave him a piece of cake, and said there was great comfort for him in knowing that the little dog, which had caused him all this trouble, was so much hurt that it was obliged to have

the doctor. Now, can you imagine anything worse than her conduct, or more likely to confirm a selfish and self-willed child in what was wrong? and yet, I am happy to say, that the idea of the dog suffering so much, made the little boy cry. When his papa, in a couple of hours, taking him into his dressing-room, told him of the sinfulness of indulging in such violence and selfishness, and of its results, Hector listened at first sullenly, but, by degrees, when he understood what his papa meant, and when his mind, which was naturally clear,—while his disposition (when not under the influence of temper) was kind,—was brought to see and feel, he threw his arms round his neck, and exclaimed—"Papa, papa, no one ever told me this before."

These simple and natural words touched his father's heart, for he felt that they were true. While Hector's body had been pampered, while he had been nursed in every species of self-indulgence, his mind had been weakened by the want of the wholesomest of all exercises—self-restraint; and at an age when boys ought to be able to practise forbearance, and enjoy the luxury of sharing what they have with those around them, the poor little fellow had only taken his first lesson in this most endearing of all qualities.

"May I kiss and make friends with the dog, papa," he said, "and buy it a gold collar?"

"My dear," answered his papa, "the dog is of so generous a nature that he will readily forgive you. I am sure he would even lick the hand that dealt him so

bitter a blow ; but the collar of gold would be a poor recompense for the bruises he has received. Kindness and forbearance, Hector, are of more real value than gold, as you will find when you are as old as your father."

Mr. Howard spoke seriously to his wife of the growing faults in Hector's character, which he attributed to the evil management of the nurse. Mrs. Howard, ill and weak as she continued to be, summoned the woman, who pleaded her love for "the beautiful, dear young gentleman" in extenuation of her indulgence, and promised to do her best to "go against him," if she could. Mr. Howard saw that she was too weak-minded and indulgent to understand her duty, and resolved to do something at once, but was unfortunately called away from home before anything was accomplished.

Hector, like all boys, was fond of horses, and it is very natural and right to be fond of so fine and noble an animal ; but it does not follow that, because young gentlemen like horses, they are also to like the society of grooms ; yet, I am sorry to say, Hector was almost as fond of the grooms as he was of the horses. When attended in his rides, the groom was sure to say how glad he would be if his papa kept hounds ; that when *he* came to be a man he hoped he would do so ; that he ought, for as he was an ONLY son, he would have the finest fortune in the county ; it was so lucky for him that he was "Number One," all alone, not plagued like young Master Lycet with seven brothers and sis-

ters,—having the name of *eldest* son, and yet getting so little by it; it was a fine thing, he said, to continue “Number One,” a fine thing for any young gentleman, who could then do as he liked, and be his own master. But it was not only nurses and grooms who said wrong and foolish things in the boy’s hearing; finely dressed but silly ladies, when they smoothed his ringlets and kissed him, said he “was a pretty boy, and between his beauty and his fortune would be sure to be a great favorite;” and even sober gentlemen spoke in the child’s hearing of “the careful manner in which Mr. Howard lived, and which must secure his son an immense fortune hereafter.”

Master Nicholas Lycet, the young gentleman of whom the groom had spoken, came to see him one day. He was three or four years older than “Number One.” “Master Howard,” said Nick, “you are often very lonely, I suppose?”

“No,” said Hector, “not *very*.”

“Well I should think you were. What do you do when you want some one to play with you?”

“Oh! why I play by myself, at ball, and the servants pick it up, and then I throw it again.”

“And then they pick it up again, I suppose?” said Master Lycet, laughing.

“To be sure they do,” replied Master Howard, seriously.

“But that is not what I call play,” observed Nicholas; “I like a game of ball with my two brothers, while my sisters and the little ones look on, and shout, and enjoy it as much as ourselves.”

“ But does not that disturb you ? ”

“ No. The very little ones sometimes run under our feet, but that only makes us all laugh the more ; and sometimes we take our kites to the hill, and see whose will fly highest ; and we are learning cricket ; and we race our little Shetland ponies sometimes, only not too long, because we must not fatigue them ; and we go nutting in the wood ; and on wet days we dance and fence, and play small plays together.”

“ But,” said Hector, “ do not the young ones want your pony to ride, and your toys and things ? ”

“ To be sure they do,” replied Nicholas.

“ And what do you do ? ”

“ Let them have them ; it is such a pleasant thing to make them happy.”

Hector was very much puzzled to know how it was, that giving his toys to others to play with could make him happy ; and while he was thinking it over, he took Nicholas to his play-room, and showed him toys enough to set up a toy-shop, amongst which was the largest rocking-horse ever made in England.

“ I will show you how beautifully it goes,” said Hector, springing on its back.

“ Capital ! ” exclaimed his companion ; “ now let me try.”

“ Oh, no ! ” replied Hector, “ you can look at me ; that will do for *you* quite as well.”

“ I beg your pardon,” said young Lycet, fully sensible of his companion’s selfish rudeness ; “ but at home we have all things so much in common, that I

did not think you would wish to keep all the fun to yourself."

Hector got down, looking sulky, and, tossing his head, replied: "Well, I dare say that may be the case; you are an eldest son, but I am an *only child*, and shall have the finest estate in the county."

"Not till your papa dies," answered Master Lycet, "and I am sure you do not wish for that."

Hector did not wish it, and felt the tears rush to his eyes at the idea. He changed the subject, and then took his acquaintance to the stable to show him his little Arabian horse, which he mounted, and exhibited its paces, but never offered Nicholas a ride.

"I have not seen any pets," said Nick.

"I had rabbits, and hawks, and dogs, and silver pheasants once," answered Hector; "but when I wanted the servants to attend to me they were busy with the pets. I could not stand that, you know, and so gave them all away, except the dogs; and one tires of dogs, but they are about somewhere."

"Then I have not seen your books," observed young Lycet; "where are your favorite books?"

"I cannot say I have any *favorite* books," replied "Number One," blushing a little, for he knew his education had been neglected; "but I cannot think how any boy of spirit can have *favorite* books. I have some books, but none worth looking at."

"I wonder at your having anything *not* worth looking at, as you are an only child," said Nicholas, bluntly; and then continued, "I am sure I would not change

places with you,—it is so sweet to make one's brothers and sisters happy, and see them try to make you happy.—I would not change places—and become a 'Number One,'—no, not for all your beautiful things."

It was not polite to make these observations; but young Lycet was hurt at the rudeness and selfishness of his host, and was too fond at all times of speaking his mind, which, if rudely done, is selfishness in another form.

When the dinner was served, Master Howard's nurse came behind his chair to help him, as usual, picking out the nicest bits, and complaining, while he was devouring everything, that her "darling had no appetite." The footman carved; and was about placing the wing of a chicken upon Master Lycet's plate, when the nurse said, "Robert, Robert! you know Master Howard is so delicate that he never eats anything but the *liver-wing*!"

Robert, who had just entered the service, first apologised, and then said, "That was a difference in wings he never could understand; as surely the liver did not grow under one wing more than another."

Hector told him "He was very impertinent to make such an observation, and that he must leave the room."

The servant did so, muttering something about not entering it again, and spoilt children.

Young Lycet felt himself very uncomfortable; and at last asked if he was not to have the pleasure of seeing Master Howard's mamma. The nurse said her lady seldom left her room; and then Nicholas told



them, that his papa had said he hoped Master Howard would return with him to the Hall, as Mr. Howard would soon be home, and then Hector and himself were to be sent to school together. This was as great a surprise to the nurse as to "Number One." The former ran up to tell her mistress, and the latter cried over his tart.

Mrs. Howard confirmed young Lycet's information. The nurse attempted to remonstrate; the poor lady silenced her at once, and told her she desired to be alone. She had invited young Lycet, in accordance with a plan at last arranged by Mr. Howard, that his son might know at least one of his future companions; and not feel leaving home as much as if he went among total strangers. To spare his wife as much as possible the pain of parting from her child, when Mr. Howard returned he removed her to Brighton; so there was no leave-taking.

When Hector found that neither his nurse, his pony, nor any of his toys, beyond a cricket-ball and bat, were to go with him, he became quite violent; but Mr. Howard was firm, and though at the very last Hector clung to his knees, and promised to be all he wished, to school he went.

The gentleman to whom he was sent, only received fourteen pupils: those boys cared very little for young Howard's being an only child; but his selfishness and ill-temper annoyed them so much, that he very soon found himself shunned even by young Lycet, whose good humour, industry, and ability, rendered him an

universal favorite; the greatest favorite, however, in the school, was a lad of the name of "Rhody." Rhody was an officer's youngest son, the youngest of eleven, so he neither had much pocket-money to spend, nor many presents to receive: still the brightness of his spirits, his entire carelessness of self, and his universal ability, which he was always ready to exert for his fellow-pupils, made him most popular with all; and the contrast between him and Hector was so great, as to form a frequent subject for conversation amongst the young gentlemen.

Poor Hector! his character had become so defective that it was impossible to know at which end to commence amending it; his pride had grown into the rankest insolence; his helplessness rendered him a burden, which no one was willing to bear; he was thus thrown back upon his own resources, which were enfeebled for want of use; but his greediness, which a liberal supply of pocket-money enabled him to indulge, made him despised more than anything else; and his disdain of beef and mutton raised a frequent laugh at his expense: for all that, his education improved, his dislike of books yielded to emulation, and his excellent master (hopeless as the task seemed to every one else) trusted that time, and total absence from his blindly indulgent home, might at last overcome much that was evil, more particularly as occasional glimpses of better things were visible—at long intervals, to be sure—but even these glimpses left something to hope from. He had been nearly a year at school,

when one morning his master was disturbed by a violent altercation in the play-ground; he entered the arena with an open letter he had been reading, in his hand, and there saw young Howard, in a violent state of excitement; he had no means at the moment of ascertaining how the quarrel began, but he heard him say, "I, who shall be, and Nick Lycet knows it, if he chooses to speak, the richest man in the county; who never was expected to carve my own dinner, or feed myself, or eat ——"

"Anything but liver-wings," added Nicholas, spitefully enough.

"For shame! for shame!" said Rhody, "that's not generous, Lycet, only you are are vexed with him now."

"I, who have been petted as an only child——"

"A 'Number One,'" repeated two or three together.

"And always had my own way——" persisted Hector.

"Before you came to school," interrupted another.

"We would all help you, if you would help us in return," said a rosy-faced boy.

"Yes!" exclaimed Rhody, "so we would, with all our hearts. You know the maxim you wrote so often in your copy-book, Howard—'One good turn deserves another,' and 'Give and take;' and the fable, too, about a lion, who was glad of a mouse's little teeth to nibble him out of the net; so, even if you were a lion, you might be civil to the mice."

"I vote," quoth an embryo M.P., "that we ask our master's permission to send Master Howard to Co-

ventry for a month, where no one is to do anything for him; mind, *no one*, and then he would find out how helpless the grandee 'Number One' may become."

Hector Howard eyed the various speakers, one after the other, with a countenance swollen with indignation, and was about to say something very desperate, when Dr. Stanley, the master, came forward.

"I do not like this, young gentlemen," he said; "it is very unlike the youths of England to fall upon one; and you Lycet, in particular, who know the defects of his education, and came here as his friend; it takes a long time to eradicate errors whose growth commenced in his nurse's arms, and you must have observed the state of suffering he has lived in—" the lads looked astonished—"yes, positive suffering," he resumed. "Whoever indulges selfishness in youth will be scourged by selfishness in after life. The selfish man would desire to live amongst slaves, who would pamper and indulge him; but happily, in England, there are no slaves to live amongst." Some of the boys clapped their hands, but the reproving eye of the master was upon them. "There are," he continued, "a few whom interest or a weak affection may compel to endure the tyranny of selfishness; but such endurance could not be desired by a right-minded person, and, I think and believe, the time will come when Hector will agree with me."

"But, sir," said one of the boys, "he treats us as if we were his inferiors. We are all the sons of gentlemen, as well born as himself; and if he wants to be indulged he should conciliate. I am not to be insulted

because my father has only a thousand a year, while his father has ten."

"We never had any talk about property until he came amongst us, sir," exclaimed another.

"Well, well," said the master, "I will inquire into the origin of this disturbance by-and-by. I have received a letter from Mr. Howard this morning, and he wishes to have his son home for a month."

Hector sprang to the Doctor's side. "Oh, sir! you will let me go, will you not?"

"I think your own heart will tell you that you do not deserve the indulgence,—and yet! but come into my room." The Doctor led the way, and Hector followed.

"I know what the Doctor is going to tell our most royal 'Number One,'" said young Rhody, rubbing his hands. "I had a letter from mamma this morning, and she visits Mrs. Howard's sister. I know what the 'only child' will hear, and I was greatly tempted to tell it out before you all when he insulted us, stuffing his gold down our throats, as if every guinea was a sponge-cake; but I did not like to hurt him, as I knew what he will have to suffer. Well might the Doctor say, that whoever indulges selfishness in youth will be scourged by selfishness in after life."

"Is his poor mamma dead?" inquired Lycet.

"No, indeed; but you know how much Hector has been petted."

"To be sure we do."

"And how delighted he is at the prospect of being always 'Number One.'"

"Yes, yes, we do," exclaimed the boys.

"And how he rejoices at not being *troubled*, as he calls it, with brothers and sisters."

"Oh, to be sure, we *all* know that, Rhody; have you nothing else to tell us?"

"Yes I have; he has got a new brother and sister."

"What, both at once!" exclaimed several.

"Yes; I will read you a bit of mamma's letter." They gathered in a circle round him. "You will be astonished to hear that your schoolfellow, Hector Howard, so long considered the only heir to his father's property, is so no longer, his mamma having, the day before yesterday, presented his papa with twins."

At this, some of the boys to whom Hector had been very overbearing, gave a shout, but the good feeling of others suppressed it; and all began talking immediately on the probable effects of this information, and conjectured how he would bear it. After a time they re-entered the school-room, but Hector was not there; I fear that the delicacy evinced by Rhody, in not proclaiming the news before Hector (who frequently treated him with contempt, because of his comparative poverty) was hardly appreciated as it deserved to be by his companions. Rhody felt his narrow means more acutely than could be imagined; he turned with a careless air from the confectioner's basket, when he would have liked a cake as well as any other boy, and kept looking straightforward, instead of into the toyshop or fruiterer's, knowing that his purse was indeed slender. He often longed to help Hector with his lessons, but he

knew that if he did so his schoolmates would say he was mean; and Hector, seeing Rhody so anxious to help all except himself, felt much annoyed at being excluded from such valuable aid; but now matters, at least so the good-natured Rhody thought, were much changed. "Number One" was now only one of three. He glided from the school-room, and met the wardrobe woman on the stairs, who said Master Howard would not suffer her to pack his trunk. The next moment Rhody was at the door of Hector's pretty bedchamber—he knocked; at first there was no answer: again, when there was a surly "Come in," and Rhody entered. Hector was standing beside his open trunk, some of his clothes lying on the floor, some in the drawers.

"What do you want?" inquired young Howard.

"I knew you were going home," replied Rhody, "and thought I would come and help you."

"I do not want any help," was the sulky reply.

"Oh, but you do, though," said the good-natured lad. "This is not the way to fold a shirt or lay a jacket,—come now, like a good fellow, let me fold them; it will be a pleasure."

"I do not want to give you, or anybody pleasure, I am sure," grumbled Hector, keeping his face to the wall, for he was too proud to let his tears be seen. Rhody paused in his active exertions to arrange Hector's trunk, and looked vexed; but he saw how his chest was heaving with suppressed emotion, and resumed his occupation, talking gaily all the time.

"There's a smart waistcoat! I remember, Hector, the

last time you wore that waistcoat; you took pains in scripture answers, and routed us all out of our places: and here are embroidered braces! my! but they are gay! and such a heap of silk handkerchiefs! and white ones, too! and silk socks, and shiny shoes! and,—well! I never saw so many white kid gloves together in my life! now I think that is all.—Why there is the post-chaise at the door, and the old servant who came to see you; he is come for you now. Good bye; there's a good fellow! What! you wont say good bye? Well, I'll say it. Good bye Hector; good bye my boy:—trotting off! What a lucky fellow you are! Now the trunk is locked; there's the key."

"Give it to my servant," growled Hector, in his usual haughty tone, with his face still turned to the wall. "Give it to your servant!" muttered Rhody, and he clenched his hand at this ungrateful return for his good-nature; "I've a great mind," he thought, "to give it to himself; the impertinent cub!" Almost before the idea was formed, it was checked; Hector, fairly conquered at last by such patient kindness, threw his arms round Rhody's neck, and burst into a flood of tears; neither boys spoke, but Hector felt he had a friend, and Rhody that he had done right: and that evening, in a sort of school conclave, that was discussing the merits, or rather demerits, of the proud and selfish subject of my story, Rhody stood forth his champion.

"It's all very well for us," he said, "who have been properly brought up,—watched by papas, who not



being of very great consequence in the state, were able to stay at home and attend to us ; watched by mammas with tender care, and yet, if the truth must be told, with sufficient strength of mind and body to keep us in healthful subjection ; our tempers alternately teased and pleased by juvenile brothers and sisters, whom we are forced to give way to, by the double motive of love and interest ; first, you know, we love them ; and, if we did not, we should have no peace unless we yielded. It's all very well for us to be the dear, delightful, amiable fellows we are. But think how poor Hector has been brought up ; you have heard Lycet's stories of his home, dozens of times, and my only astonishment is that he is as good as he is, and I'd lay ten to—but I forgot, the Doctor will not suffer us to bet—only—I'll—I'll eat my hand ! if Hector Howard is not as fine a fellow as—"

"As yourself," shouted some of the lads.

"No! no!" said orator Rhody, "but as *yourselves*."

When Hector got home, his papa met him with a cheerful countenance ; wished him joy, and took him immediately to his mother's room. His mamma kissed him as tenderly as ever, and then he was told to kiss his "lovely little brother and sister."

"I declare," said the nurse (not *his* nurse, however), "Miss Caroline has her brother's nose, and Master Leopold his eyes."

Hector thought them hideous both, and turned away his head. "I cant kiss babies," he said.

"Well, my dear," observed his father, "you'll get used to them in time; they quite enliven the house."

"Where is Nurse?" inquired Hector.

"Gone back to her native county, my dear," answered Mr. Howard; "I could not suffer her to spoil all my children, you know; but do not cry, Hector, she is provided for and happy, for, much as she spoilt you, I am sure she only meant to do what was right."

Hector went to the stable to see his pony; but, to his great disappointment, though the pony was there, looking sleek, and fat, and happy, there was no one to saddle him: one groom had been sent to fetch the doctor, because little Miss Caroline had sneezed very much, and they feared she had taken cold; and the other was helping to put the horses to the carriage, that the boy-baby (who had not sneezed) might have an airing round the Park; the helpers were out of the way. Hector stormed, as he used to do, but there was no one to mind him, and his dignity felt sorely insulted by the tittering of two of the maids, whom he overheard declare, that "Master Howard was as good as a play-actor." The sun was shining, and the birds were singing, and the green sward looked so firm and so fresh, that when his temper cooled a little, he thought it barely possible that he could saddle the pony himself: at first he hoped nobody would see him, and he accomplished his task admirably; in a few minutes he was up and away, forgetful of all his annoyances, and, for the first time in his life, enjoying that noble feeling of independence which proceeds from self-exertion. He

galloped up the hill in the Deer Park, and then drew up to peer through the thickets beneath at the deer, and the pretty does with their young fawns; he then looked into the valley beyond, where the stately stags, dappled and shining in the sunbeams, were enjoying their existence. An old man was seated half way down the other side of the hill on a bundle of sticks. Hector rode down to him.

"What are you waiting for?" he inquired.

"For my brother, young master, for my brother, who will be here presently to carry my sticks," was the reply.

"Your brother! do you love your brother?"

"To be sure I do, my gay young master; he is a very good lad."

"A lad! old man," exclaimed Hector.

"Ay, young gentleman, a matter of twenty-five years younger than me. Mother and father died soon after he was born, and I nursed him up, and took care of him, and now he is both son and brother to my old age; I did my duty to him, and, according to the course of nature, he does his duty to me now."

"And were you an only son before he was born?" inquired Hector eagerly.

"Indeed was I, and thought it funny enough to have a baby-brother; but he was a pretty boy, a very pretty boy—and a good boy, which was better."

Hector rode more soberly home, thinking, perhaps, of what he had heard.

Master Howard had now spent a week at home, and

was fully convinced, that though his papa and mamma were as affectionate as ever to him, his position was totally changed ; he was a dear and cherished object, but he was not the *only one*. He had made up his mind, I am sorry to say, to dislike the babies ; but you must remember that Hector was by no means a hard or bad-hearted boy, he was only a mismanaged one,—his faults had not only been increased, but frequently, in a great degree, created, by over indulgence ; and though he said, very wickedly, that he hated the poor little helpless things who engrossed all the attention of the servants and visitors, yet he could not hear them cry without pain, and was once detected stuffing a piece of barley-sugar into the girl-baby's mouth.

Still he was not so happy at home as he used to be, and returned to school far more willingly than his father expected. The boys had been commanded by their good master, not to revert to the past, but to receive Hector kindly ; and the warm shake he gave Rhody's hand, made that youth declare that he was "all right !" It was a great credit to those young gentlemen, that they neither teased nor taunted him, whom they quizzed a little sometimes among themselves as *the late "Number One ;"* and though there were occasional outbreaks of temper, and particularly of selfishness, it is due to Hector to record, that he had begun to combat both ; and when he left the good Doctor for Eton, he left with a much higher character than that with which he came. He was still too unyielding to have been beloved ; but those who observed

the bitter struggle he frequently made to overcome past habits, said he would be sure to conquer in the end.

At Eton he was frequently reminded of his father's words, that "kindness and forbearance are of more real value than gold." Rhody had gone to sea as a midshipman; Lycet was at Rugby: he had therefore no friends at Eton, but constantly came in contact with selfish fellows, who entertained no kindness or forbearance towards him. His home indulgences were not increased by the addition, in a couple of years, of another girl, and, in another year, of a boy; so that, instead of being "Number One," in a short time Hector was an unit of "Number Five;" still he felt that his home was better regulated than in the old times; his mamma's health was re-established; and his brothers and sisters were not permitted the indulgences or extravagances which, however pleasant at the time, caused him so much after pain.

As he grew to be a man, his father sometimes consulted him on matters of business; and if he could have loved his brothers and sisters, he might have been happy. His unfortunate jealousy of the love their parents showed them (and jealousy is one of the first fruits of selfishness) always disturbed him; and at College he was frequently reminded, by the sinful homage paid to wealth and rank, that, if he had not had four brothers and sisters, he should not have been contradicted and overlooked, as he sometimes either felt or fancied he was.

Time passed on, he left Oxford, and had been some

time abroad ; and yet returned sooner than he wished, and with bitter feelings towards the younger members of his family, because his father said he could not (in justice to his family) permit him to remain longer. On his voyage home he was seized with rheumatic fever, and, while suffering its agonies, landed at Plymouth amongst strangers ; when he began gradually to recover, he directed his foreign servant where to write. " But they do not care for me," he thought ; " they would be glad if I were dead." This was very sinful, but he was punished ; for the fever returned, and the poor sufferer knew not how long it continued : he only remembered gentle spirits (as in his delirium he fancied them) flitting round his bed, cooling with perfume his heated brow, smoothing his pillows ; dropping refreshment, by slow degrees, between his parched lips, and silencing every sound that could disturb him ; and who were they, those ministering angels in his hours of need ? Who ?—even Leopold and Caroline, his twin brother and sister : though it was the cold month of December, they entreated their papa to take them to their sick brother ; they would be happy, they said, " if permitted to attend him themselves." Carry declared she would be an excellent nurse, almost as good as her mamma, who was unable to leave Howard Place in such severe weather, " she was sure of it ; and she knew she should make dear Hector love her." Leopold urged that he could assist his sister, and that Hector would recover more quickly if not left to the care of hirelings ; and so they quitted their brilliant home,

and watched and nursed their brother for many weeks, patiently and tenderly, never tiring in their labour of love, but persevering, with the gentleness which is born of affection, unto the end; until, supported upon either side by those whose birth had first disturbed the importance of "Number One," he entered his father's house happier a hundred-fold than ever he had been before, cured of the selfishness which, hard to rub out, had been softened away by a sister's love and a brother's care. It was a happy meeting, and rendered more happy still by the presence of his old schoolfellow Rhody, now Lieutenant James Rhody of the Royal Navy of England.

When able to take exercise, he drove with his *now* beloved family to the hill in the Deer Park, and told them the first idea that a younger brother could be a real blessing to an elder one was given him by the old man, seated on the bundle of wood; and that, although his unfortunate selfishness had so frequently overwhelmed his good feelings, he often and often thought of the poor old man's little tale. "I am so changed," he said, "as to wonder at my past, and rejoice in a new life. If I had not such a brother and sister, I should, in all probability, have died in a strange inn; but certainly I should have continued violent and selfish, deserving to live unbeloved and die unlamented; a stately, cold, unsympathized with, and unsympathizing "*Number One*."





DAME BARTON was an honest, hard-working woman, who lived with her husband and son in a small hut under Dover cliffs. Her husband was a fisherman, and as industrious as herself; for he laboured night and day at his trade to support his wife and child, till one dreadful day he was drowned in endeavouring to save the crew of a ship that was wrecked in sight of the cottage.

About three months after his death, as little John Barton was sitting one evening mending a net for a neighbour opposite to his mother, he suddenly exclaimed, "O mother! how tired you must be of spinning! you have sat at your wheel ever since four o'clock this morning, and now it is seven o'clock, yet you have hardly stirred from your work."

"It is the only means I have of getting you a bit of bread, Johnny, since your poor father left us."

"Don't cry, mother," said little John, running towards her; "but I do so wish that I could do something myself to earn money enough to keep you from sticking





so close to that bur—bur—burring wheel. I mean, something of real use to you," continued he, as his mother looked at the net which he had been mending; "I wish I could do something better than mending the meshes of old nets."

"You do enough for your age, dear," said his mother; "and we shall manage to go on quite well while the summer lasts: all I dread to think of is the winter."

"O mother! if you should have your rheumatism come on then, what would you do? I wish I were older, to work for you."

"I cannot bear to think of it," answered his mother, weeping; "if I should have my old complaint come back, I should not be able to work any longer; and then who is to take care of my poor Johnny? I have not a friend in the world that I could send to for help, if I were ill."

"Don't you recollect, mother, the French gentleman you have often told me about? Perhaps he would help you, if he could know you are so poor."

"But he lives in Paris, and I can't write; so how is he to know the state I am in?" answered his mother; "or else I am sure he would never suffer any one belonging to the deliverer of his child to die of want. Besides, I well remember (for many's the time I have made my dear husband tell me the tale) when the child fell over the side of the vessel which was just ready to sail, and your dear father, plunging into the waves, brought him back his infant safe and sound, and smiling up in his face; the gentleman, after bending his

head for a minute over the dear dripping babe, to hide his streaming eyes (for, let a gentleman be never so manly, it is more than he can do to keep from crying like one of us, when he sees his own flesh and blood saved from death), he turned to your poor father, and said, in a fluttering-like, yet grand kind of voice, too—‘Barton,’ says he, ‘you have done more for me than if you had saved my own life; I can never hope to repay you for the happiness you have given me at this moment, yet——’ Before the gentleman could finish what he was going to say, your good father turned away, saying, ‘Lord bless your honour, don’t thank me; it’s no more than what you’d have done for my Johnny, I’ll swear, if you’d seen him drop overboard, like your young thing there.’ Your father was proud enough, then, Johnny, and he told me he guessed that the gentleman was going to give him money, so he jumped into his boat which lay alongside, and the vessel sailed away immediately, and he never heard anything more of the gentleman: but though your father didn’t want anything at that time from anybody, being able to gain his own living comfortably and honestly, much less to have a reward for having saved an innocent fellow-creature’s life, yet I can’t help wishing that he’d made a friend of the gentleman, who couldn’t but be grateful.”

“How long ago was this, mother?” said John, after thinking a little while.

“It was eight years since, come Midsummer Day; I should surely remember it,” continued Dame Barton, for when my good John Barton came home with an

honest flush on his brow, and first told me the story, I looked on you, and thanked God that it was not my own dear Johnny who had run the chance of being drowned, instead of the little stranger. You were then a little more than two years old, for to-morrow's the 3rd of June, you know, your birth-day, Johnny; and then you will be exactly ten years old."

"Do you think the gentleman has forgotten what my father did for him, mother?" asked Johnny, after another and a longer pause.

"I don't think he has, but I can't say, for gentlefolk are apt to be forgetful. Perhaps, however, he has never been to England since then."

Little John said no more, but went on very busily with his work; so busily, indeed, that when his mother looked at him again, she saw that he had finished his job.

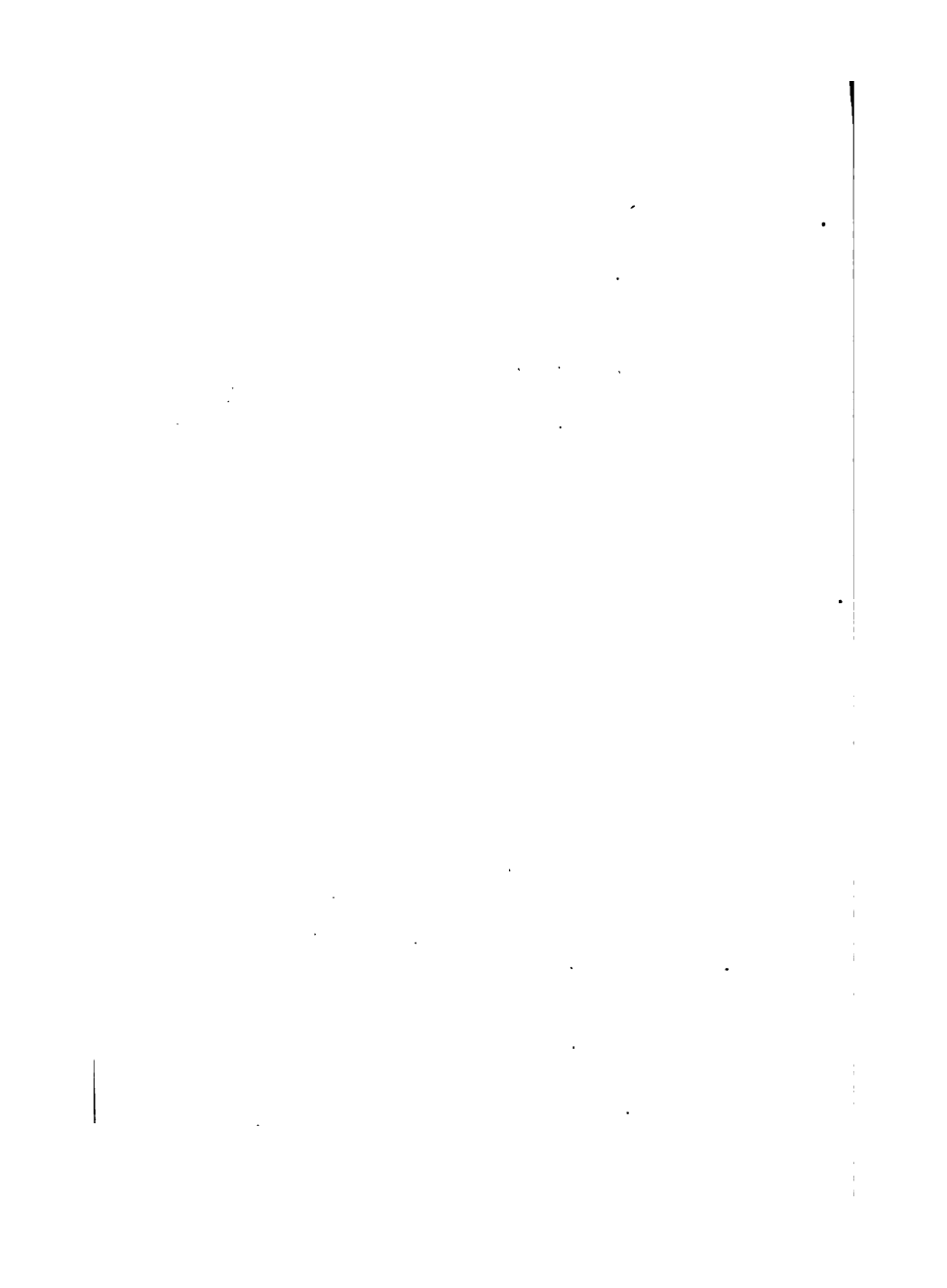
"Why, how quickly you have worked, Johnny," said she; "you didn't think to have done that net till to-morrow morning, did you?"

"No, mother," answered John; "but when I am talking to you, and thinking hard, it's surprising how the work gets on; I'm glad I've done it, though," continued he, rising to put by his mesh and twine; "because I shall be able to take it to Bill Haul to-night, instead of to-morrow, as I promised."

"But it's getting dark, dear, I am going to put away my wheel," said his mother.

"Oh, it's not too late, mother, I shall be there and back before you have put by your spinning-wheel, and







*Martin, Muller & Knappe, London*



got the haddocks out ready for supper; so good bye, good bye, mother," added he, seeing that she did not prevent his going, and off he ran.

"He's a dear, good little soul, and that's the truth on 't," said Dame Barton to herself, as she listened to the eager footsteps of the boy, which crashed among the shingles, growing fainter and fainter every minute, till at last their sound could no longer be distinguished from the restless washing of the waves on the beach. "I'm sure I ought 'nt to be the one to check him when he's doing a good-natured turn for a neighbour."

It was a beautiful evening; and as little John Barton ran along the beach, he took off his hat, and unbuttoned his shirt collar, that he might enjoy the cool breeze, for the day had been very sultry.

"This air blows towards France," said he, half aloud, "for I know that France lies over there across the blue waters, and Paris is in France, and he lives in Paris. O, how I do wish," exclaimed he, passionately, and suddenly stopping short, and straining his eyes over the wide sea, "how I do wish I could go to Paris—I would find him out—I would see him—I would tell him—I will, I must go," said he, interrupting himself, and again running forward. When he arrived at the cottage where his friend Bill Haul lived, he found a strange man there, speaking with Bill's father, whom he did not at first take any notice of, but kept on talking with Bill about the net; however, presently he noticed that the man talked in a different tone from what he usually heard, and used his arms very violently



while he spoke, and, at last, John thought he heard him say the word France, though in the same curious voice he had before noticed.

"Is n't that man a Frenchman, Bill, that's talking to your father?" asked John.

"Yes, he's wanting father to buy a cargo of apples and eggs he has brought from France, and he's in a hurry to strike his bargain, because he wants to be aboard again by four o'clock to-morrow morning; but never mind him, Jack, he speaks such gibberish, that—"

"Did you say he was going to France at four to-morrow morning, Bill?" interrupted little John.

"Yes, the tide serves them to make the harbour of Boulogne, I heard him say, so he wants to be off—do but hear what a chattering the French Mounseer makes," said Bill, who was about fourteen years of age, and thought it looked manly to ridicule a Frenchman. By this time the bargain was concluded between the fisherman and the apple-merchant; and as the latter left the cottage, John Barton took rather a hasty leave of his friend, and ran after the stranger, whom he overtook just as he reached the beach.

"Sir, Mr. Frenchman," said John, as he approached him, somewhat out of breath, "Sir, I want to speak to you, if you please."

"Heh, what you say, littel boy?" said the man, turning round.

"A' n't you going to France, sir?" said John.

"Yes, I am, at to-morrow morning; but what den, my little shild?"

"Why, sir, I want very much to go to France, and if you'd be so good as to take me in your boat —"

"Take you in my boat! what for should I do that?" answered the Frenchman.

"Why, I can give you nothing for taking me, to be sure," said John; "I have neither money nor anything else of my own, to give away, but I will work as well and hard as ever I can; I can mend nets, and I can tar boats, and I can splice ropes, and I can —"

"Stop, stop! stay!" interrupted the Frenchman; "I was not tinkering of what you could give me, or what you could do, do for me; but I was tinkering what should be the use if I was to take you in my *bateau*—in my boat."

"O, then you will take me, sir! O thank you, sir," said John, eagerly, "what use, did you say, sir?" O, I want very much to go to France, to find a gentleman, who I hope will be a friend to my poor mother."

"Your moder, did you say, my littel friend—if you want to go to France to do good to your moder, you must be de *bon fils*—de good son, so you shall go wid me in my *bateau*."

"O, thank you, kind Frenchman," said John, taking his hand and shaking it, and pressing it to his bosom, so overjoyed, that he scarcely knew what he did or what he said; "then I will come to the harbour, by four to-morrow, and you will be there and take me, I shall be sure to find you."

"*Oui*, yes," returned the Frenchman; "you may come, but be sure you do not be too late after—you

must be quite *positivement* a littel before four, because I would not lose the *marais*, dat is to say de what you call de tide, for de universe." So saying, he walked away in the direction of Dover town, leaving John to pursue his way home to the hut under the cliffs.

By this time the twilight had gradually given way to the coming on of night; and John Barton had been so earnestly engaged in talking and arranging his plan of going to France, that he had not perceived the increasing darkness. The sea that lay calmly before him, and the wide heavens that were above him, were both so exactly the same deep blue colour, that they seemed to touch and be one vast space, excepting that the waters beneath now and then broke into little white sparkles on the tops of the waves, and the sky over his head was bright with many stars. The cliffs around, with their white fronts stretching down towards the beach, looked cold and ghastly, and there was scarcely a sound to be heard but the flapping wings of a solitary sea-gull, and the distant cry of the sailors, keeping time to their pulling altogether, as they hauled in their cables.

Little John could not help stopping for a moment to look round upon a scene, which, although seen by him every day, yet seemed now to look particularly beautiful, and at the same time of a kind of awful loveliness. Now that he stood quite alone, and had time to think, he felt that he had just done a very bold thing in undertaking to make so long a voyage of his own accord, and without having asked the advice of any one, no,

not even the advice of his own mother. And then came the thought of what she would say when she found what he had done. "I know," thought he, "I am doing right, for I am trying to do good to my mother, and perhaps if I were to have asked her leave first, she would have been afraid to let such a little boy as I am go all alone, and with strangers, too—but then no one would hurt such a little fellow as I am; and then she would think, that I should never be able to travel in France, because I have no money, and I can't speak French, which I have heard everybody speaks in France, even the little boys and girls, and she would be afraid I should have no bed, and be obliged to lie in the fields, and then she would perhaps forbid me to go, which I should be very sorry for, because I should not like to disobey her, yet all the time I should know I ought to go, for though there will be a great many difficulties, yet I feel that if I try hard and do my best to get through them and help myself, that God will be so good and kind as to take care of me." Little John, as he thought of all this, looked over the blue waters, and felt the tears come in his eyes, and a kind of swelling sensation come over his breast, and it seemed to him as if he had never prayed so earnestly in all his life, though he could not say a word. Just then he recollected that it must be very late, and that he had stayed away from home so long that his mother would be uneasy; so he ran as quickly as he could towards the hut, determining that he had better not mention his intention of going to his mother at all.

"Why, Johnny dear," said she, as he bounced into the cottage quite out of breath, "what a long time you have been away. I suppose neighbour Haul kept you."

John felt inclined to say, "yes, mother," but he knew it would not be quite the truth, so he said, "I stayed a little while talking with Bill Haul, mother, and I stayed the rest of the time on the beach; but, if you please, mother, I would rather you would n't ask me what I stayed there for."

"Very well, dear," said his mother; "no harm, I dare say."

"No, indeed, mother," answered John; and they sat down to their supper of dried fish, onions, and brown bread.

"What ails you, child, a'n't you hungry?" said his mother, observing that he cut off his usual portion of bread and fish, but that, instead of eating it at once, he took only a small piece of each, and put by the rest.

"Thank'ee mother, I don't wish the whole of it to-night," said John, for he thought that he should want something to take with him the next morning, and he did not like to deprive his mother of any more than he could help, as she could so ill afford to spare it. And then he was still more glad that he had not told his mother of his intended voyage, for even if she had allowed him to go, she would have given him everything she had in the house, and left herself entirely without food.

When the time came for going to bed, and little John wished his mother "good night," as she placed

her hand as usual on his head, and said, "God bless you, my comfort," he again felt the swelling sensation at his breast, and was very much inclined to throw himself into her arms, and tell her all he intended to do for her; but he checked himself, and saying, "May God be a friend to us, mother," kissed her fervently and tenderly, and ran hastily into his own little room, where he threw himself on his straw mattress, and was soon sound asleep.

When he awoke, he was alarmed to see that it was already daylight, and feared that the sun must be risen. He jumped up, put on his clothes as quickly as he could, put up his two remaining checked shirts in a bundle together, with two more pair of grey stockings, and tying his best handkerchief (which his mother had given him for a keepsake) round her spinning-wheel, as a sort of farewell remembrance, for he could not write, he left the cottage, and ran as fast as he could along the sea-beach, eating part of the remainder of his supper as he went. It was not until he had reached the harbour, that he found the sun was already up, for the cliffs hindered him from seeing it while he was on the beach underneath them; he was afraid it was very late, and asked a man, who was standing with his hands in his pockets, looking at a crab that lay kicking on its back among some sea-weed, what o'clock it was. The man carelessly answered, without looking up, "past four."

"O, dear, I shall be too late; what shall I do?" exclaimed little John. "Master," continued he, turn-

ing again to the man, who was now scraping some sand with his foot over the sprawling crab, "I say, Master, have you seen a Frenchman about here this morning?"

The man stared for a moment full in little John's face, and said, "Lord, how should I know?" and then returned again to his stupid cruel amusement.

"O dear me, what shall I do—but I had better not stay here," thought little John: "I must do as well as I can, and try to find him out for myself." He went towards a few men whom he saw at a little distance, who seemed to be watching some fishing-boats going out. As he pushed into the midst of them, he felt himself touched on the shoulder, and, on looking round, he saw his friend the Frenchman.

"Ah, my littel *ami*, my littel friend," said he, "you are very good time here, I see."

"O, I am glad I have found you, I was afraid I should be too late, for a man told me just now that it was past four o'clock."

"No, no such ting," answered the Frenchman; "it is half an hour past tree only."

"O, I am so glad," replied John, "for then there will be time for me to run and leave a message with Bill Haul for my mother, who, I am afraid, will be frightened when she finds I am gone away."

The Frenchman agreed, telling him to mind and be back in time, and so John went to Bill Haul, and told him all about his intended journey to France, begging him to go every day and see his mother, and be kind to her, for his sake, while he was away. Bill Haul pro-

mised all this, for he loved little John Barton for his good nature and obliging disposition, and when John returned to the harbour, he felt much happier than he did before, now that he knew his mother would know where he was, and that she would have some one to go and help her in his absence. At first, John Barton was very happy on board the Frenchman's boat, helping him and two other men, who were aboard, to work the vessel; but when he had been there about an hour and a half, he began to feel very sick at the stomach, and his head ached so much, that he had a great mind to ask Jacques Bontemps (which was the Frenchman's name) if he might go into the cabin and lie down for a little while; but as he saw that he and the men were busy, he thought he would manage as well as he could for himself; so, seeing a large boat-cloak in a corner, he threw himself upon it, and had not lain long there before he felt quite recovered, which, perhaps, would not have been the case if he had gone below, as the warm air of a confined cabin is more likely to bring on sea-sickness than to relieve it. The fresh air of the deck, and his being constantly at work, soon made him quite well; and when the Frenchman came to him to see if he wanted any breakfast, he found that he was very hungry. He produced a small bit of dried fish and some crust, which was all that was left of his provision, and began to eat it.

"Ah, my poor littel *ami*! What, is dat all what you have for your *dejeuné*—for your breakfast? Stop, stop! Stay, let me see if I cannot give you something better."



The kind Jacques went and fetched him some boiled eggs, wine, and some bread. John thanked him, and ate it very heartily; but he mixed some water with the wine. Jacques Bontemps, who was watching him, said, "Ah, ah! it is all very well dat you put de water to de wine now, but you will like it quite by itself when you have been a littel time in France. What for are you going to France?" continued he, "and fer how long time?"

John answered that he did not know how long he should be there, but he was going to try and find out a gentleman who lived in Paris.

"And what name is de gentleman? and what street in Paris does he live in?" asked Jacques.

But when little John told him he knew neither, and that he had no money, nor could he speak a word of French, the good-natured Frenchman lifted up his hands and eyes in astonishment: "My poor littel friend," he exclaimed, "how will you do to travel all dat way if you have no got money? I would myself go wid you and show you de way, but I must not leave my *métier*—my trade; and I have very little money to give away, but what I can give I will." So saying the good man took out a half-franc piece\* and fifteen sous,† and gave them to little John Barton, who had never possessed so large a sum in all his life.

The vessel just then requiring the captain's attention,

\* A small silver coin, worth five-pence English.

† A sous is worth about an English halfpenny.

he left the little boy, bidding him rest himself, as he would have a long way to walk soon. So John threw himself again upon the boat-cloak, where he slept soundly some hours.

He was awakened by a loud confused noise, and starting upon his feet, he found that the vessel was alongside the quay in the port of Boulogne, where a great number of people were assembled to witness the arrival of a steam packet from London.

All these people seemed to be talking at once, and at the very top of their voices. He saw some men dressed in green coats adorned with silver, with canes in their hands, who seemed to be ordering every one about, and now and then some of them conducted the people who left the packet-boat to a small house at a little distance, surrounded with white pillars. There were also some strange-looking women, with very short dark blue woollen petticoats on, curious little figured cotton caps on their heads, very long gold ear-rings, round baskets strapped to their backs, and heavy wooden-soled slippers on, which went clicket-i-clack, clicket-i-clack, every time they moved a step, and added to the noise they made by screaming and bawling to each other. Then he noticed a number of young men and boys who held little cards in their hands, which they seemed to be endeavouring to force upon every one who landed, talking, like all the rest, as loud as they possibly could. Even some fishermen and sailors, who were assisting Bontemps to moor his boat, all shouted in the same high tone of voice as every one else. John

Barton could not help remarking how different they were to the English sailors at Dover, who seemed to do double the work, though they spoke not a word, perhaps, the whole time, much less made such a bustle and a hubbub as these strange sailors did. What made all this noise seem still more confusing to little John was, that not one word of what he heard around did he understand. No; nothing was spoken everywhere about him but French;—he was now in France! He felt still more helpless and desolate when he had taken leave of his kind friend, Jacques Bontemps, and was wandering along one of the streets of Boulogne, uncertain which way to go; however, he was determined to keep up his spirits, and not to give way to fear and anxiety till there should be real occasion for them. He now began to feel extremely thirsty, and therefore looked about for some place where he might get a draught of water or milk, but it was in vain; there was not a single shop which seemed at all likely to sell anything of the kind. At last he determined to ask, as well as he could, for some at the first shop he should come to of any kind. It happened to be a baker's; he went in, and tried hard to make the woman he found there understand what he wanted, but in vain.

John, disappointed, left the shop, fearing he should never be able to make any one understand him in France; he walked on, and at the end of the street came to a square open place that looked like a market. To his great joy he saw on one of the stalls some fine

ripe cherries and strawberries, and upon producing a sous, the woman placed in his hand a large cabbage leaf full of fruit. As he was eating it, and thinking how much better his bargain was here, than the little paper pottles with, perhaps, half a dozen strawberries in them, given for the same money in England, he saw standing opposite to him, at a small distance, a little beggar-girl, whose eyes were fixed longingly on the juicy fruit he held in his hand, but directly she perceived he noticed her, she hastily withdrew them. Her face was extremely pale and thin; her eyes, though of a beautiful dark brown, looked hollow and sickly; her clothes hung in rags about her; and her little tender feet were bare. John Barton went towards her, and held his leaf of fruit before her. She hesitated, and looked up in his face; he took her hand, which was hot and parched, and placing it among the tempting red berries, he said, "Do eat some, little dear!"

The little child, again fixing her large dark eyes on his, and smiling, took some of the strawberries, and began to eat very eagerly, as if she were extremely hungry. When she had finished all the fruit that remained in the leaf, John thought she still seemed to be hungry, and asked her if she would not like some more. The child shook her head, and smiled again. "I cannot make her understand me," thought he; "but I will buy some bread, which will be better for her, for I am sure she looks still hungry." He was accordingly going towards a shop, but directly he at-

tempted to move, the little girl shrieked out "*Restez donc, restez donc !*"\* and caught hold of his jacket lest he should escape. He took hold of her hand, and pointing to the shop, he led her towards it, and gave her a little loaf, which she ate as hungrily as she had before done the fruit. As John Barton stood watching his young acquaintance enjoy his present, he was delighted to see the colour come into her cheeks, and he felt very happy to think he had been able to help a poor little creature who was still more helpless than himself. He now began to think of continuing his journey; shook hands with the little girl, and kissed her, and then made her understand that he must leave her. This, however, he was not suffered to do, for she placed herself before him, and, putting her arm in his, led him on a little way, then stopped and pointed quickly from him to herself two or three times, and clapping her little hands together, and looking up in his face, she nodded and smiled, as if she had arranged that they should go together. John Barton could not help feeling pleased that this little stranger had taken such a fancy to him, especially as he thought he should not be likely to take her from home, as, from her wandering about the streets alone and hungry, he did not think it probable that she lived there; he found also, that he could make this little creature understand his meaning, better than any one else he had spoken to since he had been in France. Well, they were just

\* "O, do stay, do stay!"

trotting off together, when suddenly John recollected that he did not know which way he ought to turn to go towards Paris. He turned to his little companion and said, "Paris, Paris," two or three times; then pointed to himself, and then all around. The child only shook her head and smiled.

John Barton did not know how to make her comprehend his meaning, when just at that moment a stage-coach came by, and stopped just where the two children were standing. On it were some words in French, and among them was one which John made out to be Paris; he pointed to it, and when the little girl saw what he meant, she screamed out with joy, and exclaiming, "*A Paris! à Paris! O, quel bonheur! nous allons à Paris!*"\* she skipped about like a little mad thing.

John thus found out that the word Paris was written the same way in France as in England—but that the French people sounded it differently. The little girl now took his hand, and led him straight up the hilly street they were then in, and when they came to the top, she turned round and pointed across the town. John looked round and saw the wide sea, over which he had so lately passed, dancing and sparkling in the sunbeams, at a little distance off. The day was so clear, that he could distinctly see the cliffs of England; and as he looked upon them, he thought of his own dear mother, and prayed that he might soon return to her with good news. They then entered a gate under

"To Paris! to Paris! O what happiness! let us go to Paris!"

some huge walls, on the top of which the trees were growing ; and after they had walked through some more streets, they came out at another gate like the former, and they found themselves on a straight road, upon which, at some distance off, John again saw the stage-coach travelling slowly along. They trudged on, keeping it in sight for some time, but it went much faster than they could possibly walk, and so it was not long before they lost it altogether ; but still they kept walking on, John every now and then looking at his little companion, to see if she seemed tired. But, on the contrary, she appeared to be gay and brisk, and as if she had been well accustomed to walking ; she now and then ran to the side of the road, to gather the weeds, which she would stick into John's hat, and then smile in his face, as if trying to show how happy she was. Once or twice she endeavoured to get his bundle from him, but when he found that she only wanted to carry it for him, that she might save him the trouble, he would not let her have it, though she continually put her hand on it. However, when she found nothing could make him give it up, she ran and gathered some very large dock-leaves out of the hedge, and held them over John's and her own head to keep the heat of the sun off, all the time smiling and playing several little graceful tricks, as if she mocked a fine lady with her parasol, to the great delight of our friend John, who as he watched her sweet cheerful countenance and winning actions, thought he had never beheld such a pretty creature in all his life. Suddenly she stopped, and

pointing to herself, she said, "Julie, Julie;" then pointing to him, she looked up in his face with an asking look, to which he replied, "John," for he could not but directly understand that she meant to tell him her name and inquire his.

"*Tchon ! Tchon ! Ah, que c'est drole !*"\* exclaimed the child, laughing, and again she frisked about ; then she came back to him, and stroking his face, said, in a half-laughing, half-soothing tone, "*Ah, mon pauvre Tchon !*"†

Little John could not help laughing too, so he patted her on the cheek, saying, "O, you dear little Julie!" which made her laugh and skip about ten times more ; so these two merry little travellers went on and on, for many a long mile, without feeling tired, so happy they were with each other.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when they began to feel both hungry and tired, so John began to look about for some house where they might rest and get something to eat ; and as he spied a cottage at a little distance, he went towards it, and, upon looking in, he saw a woman standing at a table, cutting some slices off an immensely large brown loaf, and giving a piece to each of her children, six of whom were sitting round the table, with a large bowl of milk before them. Julie, who had likewise peeped in, went towards the woman, and said something to her, when

\* "*Tchon ! Tchon ! O, how droll !*"

† "*Ah, my poor Tchon !*"



immediately the good woman came to where John was standing, and led him to the table, where she made him sit down, and placed a bowl of milk and two large slices of bread before him and Julie, all the time encouraging them to eat by her kind looks and tone of voice. They were soon quite at home with this good family, for though they could not make out a single word that John said, yet his good-natured face, and, to them, curious language, soon won the children to take a fancy to him; and as for Julie, no one could look at her beautiful face and winning manners, without loving her directly. When they had finished their pleasant meal, John took out two of his sous, and offered them timidly to the woman, who put back his hand, with some remarks, which John could not understand, but he saw by her action that she refused his money; he thanked her very heartily several times, hoping, by the tone of his voice, to make himself understood; and he took hold of her hand, and drew her face towards him, and kissed her very affectionately. The woman returned his caresses with a very gentle manner, and then went towards a door at the other end of the apartment. She opened it, and pointing to a small bed which stood in the next room, looked at him, and then spoke some words to Julie. John shook his head, in token that they had no place to sleep in, and the good woman seemed to settle that they should remain with her that night. Our two little travellers, after a good game of romps with the children of the cottage, on some hay which was lying in a field behind the house,

went to bed, and slept soundly till six o'clock on the following morning. The good woman having given them some bread and milk for breakfast, our two little travellers took an affectionate leave of her, and proceeded on their journey. We will not follow them, day by day, in all their adventures: it will be sufficient to say, that what with John's good-natured face, and frank active manners, together with Julie's pretty voice, and sweet engaging looks when she spoke to strangers, our two little wanderers were never in want of a supper or a bed. Once, indeed, they met with a very cross man, who would have nothing to say to them; so that they were forced to endure the pain of hunger, and lie all night in the open air; but even then they were not down-hearted, for John luckily found some wild strawberries, which he gathered for Julie; and when night came, he made up a nice bed for her on some hay, which he piled up in the corner of a meadow, under a thick-hedge, and covered her up with his coarse, but warm, blue sea-jacket. It was, fortunately, a fine warm night in July, so that, instead of feeling sorry they had no bed, John could not help being very grateful and happy, as he looked up at the deep blue sky over his head, which was sparkling with thousands of bright stars. As he was silently thanking God for his protection, and for being able to help himself, he suddenly heard voices on the other side of the hedge. He listened, but could not make out a word, as the voices talked in French. He rose softly from his bed of hay, and crept to that of Julie, who was at a little distance.

He awakened her very gently, and placed his fingers on his lips, in token that she should listen in silence. Julie, who saw his signs by the star-light, after having hearkened to the voices with great attention, suddenly started up, and drew John quietly, but quickly from the spot. He saw that her face was much agitated, and she looked pale and frightened. He had distinguished in the midst of the conversation he had just overheard, the name of the cross man, who had refused them a supper and bed that evening. He particularly recollected it, because it was written over the man's door, "Lion;" and Julie had laughed when she read it, as if she had meant to say that it was a good name for such a cross person. Well, he now noticed that Julie was leading him back to the village where Mr. Lion lived, and that she at last stopped at his door. She knocked loudly, and at last the man came to the window, and asked, in a gruff tone, what they wanted. Julie only spoke a few words in a loud whisper, when he hastened down stairs, muttering all the way, and opened the door for them. After bringing the children in, he immediately called up some workmen who slept in the house, and placing them at the doors and windows, with sticks in their hands, he gave them some directions in a frightened tone of voice, and seemed to be expecting something in great alarm. They did not wait long before they heard a voice at one of the window shutters. All the workmen immediately sallied out, and, after a short scuffle, they came in again, bringing with them two men, bound hand and foot,

who no sooner uttered a word, than John discovered them to be the same men whose voices he had heard in the meadow. He now found that Julie had overheard them plotting an attack on Mr. Lion's house; and had, in fact, returned good for evil, by coming and warning him of his danger, although he had been so unkind as to refuse them a little food and a night's lodging. The man himself seemed now to be ashamed of his behaviour, for he pulled out a golden coin, and offered it to Julie, but she shook her head, and John stepped forward and put back his hand, for he would not be paid for doing a good action, especially by a man whom he did not respect, even though he felt that that piece of money would be of very great use to him and Julie on their journey: so he took her hand, and without wishing him good-bye, they both left the house, and went to their pleasant beds in the meadow, where they both slept soundly till morning, when they jumped up betimes, and continued their journey as merrily and happily as usual.

Often and often did John Barton thank God for having brought him and his dear little friend Julie together. Had he unkindly eaten all his fruit, instead of sharing it with the poor little stranger, he never could have managed his journey half so well, so that he felt how true the proverb was that he had heard his mother repeat—"a good deed always meets its reward."

By being constantly together, and helping and loving each other, John and Julie at last came to understand each other's signs almost as well as by talking; and,

by degrees, John learnt to understand a few words of French, and Julie of English.

At length, after about fifteen day's travelling, by the help of Julie's inquiring the way in all the towns they passed through, and by noticing all the stage coaches that passed them on the road, the two little wanderers entered the city of Paris.

Here then, at last, was our hero in Paris; at which place he had, for the last fortnight, been so anxious to arrive. But how was he to proceed in order to find out the French gentleman, who, he hoped, would be a friend to his mother? He did not even know his name, and as he looked at the rows and rows of houses that surrounded him on all sides of this immense town, his heart almost failed him, when he recollected that he did not even know the name of the street in which the gentleman lived.

However, he tried to keep up his spirits, for he recollected that he had never found grieving or crying do him any good, or help him forward in anything; so he began to think what he had better first do, in order to set about looking for the French gentleman.

At this moment, a rude boy, passing quickly and unconcernedly, happened to knock down a basket of fine peaches belonging to a fruit-woman, whose stall was just opposite to the spot where our two little friends were standing.

John immediately, with his usual active good nature, ran to assist the woman in picking up her fruit, and replacing it in the basket; and she, after having be-

stowed a few hard words on the awkward boy, turned and thanked our hero, and then gave him a fine peach for his pains. John, although he felt rather hungry, yet (as he always did, when anything nice was given to him) instantly gave it to Julie, because he thought that she, being a little girl, and weaker than himself, must want it still more than he.

The fruit-woman, who observed this action of his, was very much pleased, and immediately placed another peach in his hands for himself.

While the children were eating their peaches, and still standing by the stall, a lady bought some fruit of the woman, and then wished to have it sent home to her house.

The fruit-woman, who liked John's honest face, and his kindness to the little girl, desired him to carry it to the lady's house; and when Julie had made him understand what he was to do, he took the basket, and, accompanied by his little friend (who would never leave him for an instant), he followed the lady home. Upon his arriving there, he delivered the basket of fruit to a servant, and the lady, who was pleased with the two children, gave them each a *cinque-sous* piece.\*

John, thinking this to be the price of the fruit, immediately returned with it to the fruit-woman, who was still more pleased with him, from this fresh proof of his honesty and goodness. He now made his usual signs to Julie that she should inquire about a sleeping-

\* A small coin, worth two-pence halfpenny, English.

place. He soon saw by the smiling looks of the good woman, that their petition for a night's lodging was granted, and he felt very grateful that they had so soon found a home in that great busy city, where every one seemed to be so much occupied with their own thoughts and business, that John had felt much more solitary and neglected since he had come amongst them, than he had ever felt whilst he was travelling along through country roads and meadows, and had only come now and then to a cottage, where the people seemed to have more leisure and inclination to attend to him. In fact, the good fruit-woman had quite taken a fancy to the two strange children, from their honesty, good behaviour, and fondness for each other, and she felt scarcely less pleased than they did, when they were both happily settled in her nice little lodgings.

In return for all the kindness to them, John endeavoured to make himself as useful as possible to her; and he really was a great assistance to his kind friend, by carrying the baskets of fruit to the houses of the people who purchased them at the stall, and by going on all kinds of errands for her, when out of doors, and when at home, by rubbing the fruit, arranging it in the baskets for the next day's sale, picking out the best leaves and placing them among the fruit so as to make it look more tempting, besides various other little jobs in the household, which made him quite a valuable helpmate.

As for little Julie, she was not able to do much to assist, but her sweet merry face, happy voice, and play-

ful gaiety, made her a most charming companion to their kind friend ; and as for her young protector, John, he doted upon her more and more every day, while she, on her part, was so fondly attached to him that she would never, upon any account, be prevailed upon to quit him. In all his walks she accompanied him ; during his work she would constantly sit by him, and either sing him some songs, of which she seemed to know an immense number, or merely smile, pat his face, chatter French to him, dance about, and, in short, use every means in her power to amuse and please him ; or if he were sent on any message, she was sure to be trotting beside him, helping him to carry the basket or parcel, and trying, by all kinds of little winning ways, to make the way seem short and pleasant.

In the meantime, John Barton never for a moment lost sight of the main object which had induced him to come to Paris, so far from his own dear mother, and his own home in the little cottage under the cliffs. Whenever he was out, in all his long ramblings through the large city, he never failed to look at all the faces he met, in the hope of seeing one like that which he had often heard his mother describe as belonging to the French gentleman, who had been so much benefited by his father. Every name that he saw written up, he took pains to spell out as well as he could, for he thought he had heard his mother mention it, though he could not recollect the exact sound, and he thought that, if he were to see it, it might be recalled to his mind ; these were very slender chances, and the poor



little boy began at last to despair of ever succeeding, when an event occurred which proved that God never deserts those that are really persevering, cheerful, and hearty in their efforts to *help themselves*.

One fine morning John was sent with a message from the fruit-woman to one of her customers who lived in a distant part of the city, and, as he was returning, he stopped for an instant to look at a handsome cabriolet which stood opposite the door of a fine large house. Just at that moment a piercing scream from Julie made him turn his head abruptly round, and, to his horror, he beheld her stretched upon the pavement apparently dead! whilst a gentleman was bending over her, and raising her from the ground.

John ran towards his darling little friend, and lifting her head gently in his arms, beheld her face perfectly pale and motionless. He burst into tears at this dreadful sight, and broke forth into reproaches against the gentleman (who, in passing quickly to his cabriolet, appeared to have knocked the little girl down), forgetting all the while that he was speaking English, and would therefore most probably not be understood.

However, the gentleman mildly replied, in the same language, though with a foreign accent, "My little friend, I am exceedingly sorry to have hurt your sister; but I cannot imagine how it was she fell, for I scarcely seemed to touch her. I think it must have been something else which frightened her, for the poor little thing is in a swoon. Baptiste," added he, calling to a ser-

vant who stood by, lift this little one carefully in your arms, and lay her on the sofa in the parlour."

The servant obeyed: and John, seeing they were carrying away his dear little Julie, loudly protested against it.

"My dear little friend," said the gentleman, leading John into the house, "be patient; we are only going to try to recover your sister from her fainting fit."

John followed the gentleman into a superbly furnished apartment, where he saw his beloved little friend placed carefully on a soft sofa, where she continued to lie for some time, perfectly still and pale. As John hung over her, sobbing, and endeavouring as well as he could to assist in the efforts made by the gentleman and his servants to restore her, he at last beheld her colour come a little into her cheeks, and he had the pleasure of feeling her breath come upon his face as she sighed and turned a little round.

"*Où est mon cher papa? J'ai cru l'avoir vu. Est ce un songe?*"\* said she, in a faint voice.

"Great God! it is my child! it is my little Julie! it is my dear daughter!" exclaimed the gentleman, and rushing to the sofa, he caught the little girl in his arms and covered her with kisses, while she, in her turn, flung her arms round his neck and stifled him with weeping and joyful caresses.

John in astonishment beheld this scene, and won-

\* "Where is my dear papa? I thought I had seen him! Is it a dream?"

dered what could be its meaning, when the gentleman, after indulging in a long embrace of his dear little girl, at last turned to where he was standing, and said :—  
“And how came you, my little Englishman, to be with my dear child?”

“Is Julie your daughter, Sir?” asked John, in amazement.

“Yes, my long-lost child, for whom I have grieved these last two years; and whom I feared I should never see again; but come, tell me how you came to be with her; come tell me the whole story.”

John recollected, at this moment, that his kind friend the fruit-woman would be uneasy at his long stay, so he told the gentlemen that he believed he ought to return to her to relieve her anxiety; but the gentleman would not hear of his leaving him, and dispatched a footman to bid the fruit-woman not to feel anxious for the two children, as they were perfectly safe.

By this time the poor little Julie had quite recovered from the effects of her swoon (which was only occasioned by the sudden shock of surprise and joy in seeing her dear papa after so long a separation), and she could now sit up on the sofa, and talk with her usual sprightliness. With her eyes and lips glistening with mingled new-fallen tears and beaming smiles, and her cheek resting on her kind father's bosom, she chatted away to him with such a happy tone of voice, as made her father stop every now and then to kiss her for joy, and gave John a sensation of such proud gladness as he had never in his life felt before. “And now, my brave

little fellow," said the gentleman, turning to John after his daughter had stopped speaking, "it is but fair, you, who have been so kind a protector to my poor little wandering child, should be told who she is, and indeed her whole story, which she has just been relating to me; I see you did not understand her, but you may be sure that, in the course of her tale, she did not forget to mention your kindness to her, my little friend; at any rate, her father will never forget it."

So saying, the gentleman shook John Barton very heartily by the hand, and after doing so two or three times, he continued: "Having lost my dear wife when my little Julie was very young, I was compelled to trust the child very much to the care of servants; and one afternoon, when she was about five years old, the maid who had the charge of her returned home with the dreadful news, that, in the course of their walk, she had suddenly missed Mademoiselle Julie, and that she had searched everywhere in Paris for her, but in vain. The agony I then suffered," said the gentleman, looking affectionately at his little girl, "can only be equalled by the delight I now feel in again beholding my child, whom I have so long mourned as lost to me for ever. Her loss was so sudden and strange, as to seem almost like a dream; no trace whatever could be discovered of the cause of her removal, and after the strictest inquiry and search were made throughout Paris, I was compelled to give up my efforts for her recovery as perfectly hopeless. The cause of her extraordinary disappearance is explained by the account Julie has just given

me. She says, 'That while she was walking with the servant in the gardens of the Tuilleries, she saw a very beautiful butterfly, which she begged the maid to try and catch for her, but as this latter was busily engaged in talking with some acquaintance, and did not attend to her request, she tried to run after it herself, and as she was pursuing it behind one of the many statues which adorn the gardens, a tall woman with glaring black eyes started out, caught her up in her arms, and ran off with her as quickly as possible; at the same time covering her mouth with her dirty brown hand so tightly as almost to stifle her, in order that she might not cry out for help.' My poor little girl tells me, that from that day she went through the most shocking hardships; that the horrid gipsy used to beat her dreadfully, if she did not perform tasks which were much too hard for her possibly to accomplish; that she stripped all her nice clothes off, and dressed her in filthy rags; that she used to make her walk miles and miles with her about the country, till her feet used to bleed, and till she was obliged to drop down by the road-side and cry for very weariness; and that she never gave her sufficient food to eat. This cruel usage was all because my child would never obey her in two things—no threats, no entreaties, could prevail upon her either to beg or steal; both of which this wicked wretch wanted her to do, and had stolen her for the purpose. At last my poor little Julie found an opportunity of escaping from the power of this horrid fiend: she ran away; and had not wandered far, when she met

with you, my kind good little boy, to whom she is indebted for supporting her in her misery, and, at last, for conducting her to the arms of her sorrowing father. May God Almighty bless and reward you for it, and render your parents as happy as the possession of so good a son ought already to make them, and as he deserves they should be. But I have forgotten all this time to ask your name, my brave boy; twice in her life have I nearly lost my darling. Her first preserver I entirely lost sight of; but you, her second deliverer, must receive the reward due to one who has rendered so important a service to the now happy Béliard."

"Béliard! Béliard! that's it!" exclaimed John, utterly regardless of the gentleman's question; "I knew I should remember it if I once heard it. And is Béliard really your name, sir?" added he, eagerly.

"Certainly, my little friend," answered the gentleman, astonished; "and what then?" "And you say you nearly lost your little Julie twice in her life!—O, it must be, it must be! O, my dear, dear mother! my dear mother!" exclaimed John, nearly crying with joy, as he started from his chair, and ran to the window, just as if he could have really looked out towards his own house and his dear mother.

The gentleman, amazed at this strange behaviour of the little boy, asked him what he meant by his exclamations, and also reminded him that he had not yet told him his name.


"O, sir, I am almost sure you will remember it, for it was my poor father's as well as mine—John Barton."

“Good heavens! and are you the son of the brave seaman who rescued my dear infant from the waves? Twice has my darling Julie been saved from perishing by the generous Bartons.”

You may easily imagine, that Monsieur Béliard, upon discovering that the wife and mother of the two preservers of his child was living in want and misery, hastened to relieve her. On the very day following, he set out for England, accompanied by John and Julie (whom he would not trust from his sight for an instant), but not till he had first called upon the good fruit-woman, and handsomely rewarded her for her kindness to the two children. He also stopped a day at Boulogne, for the purpose of recompensing the good Jacques Bontemps.

At last, the impatient John had the happiness of embracing his dear mother, for whom he had done so much, and of seeing her provided for comfortably during the remainder of her life, by the generosity of Monsieur Béliard, and all this he could not help feeling was owing to his exertions, his humanity, and his reliance upon the goodness of God.





# PICTURE OF THE VIRGIN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE LITTLE AUGUSTUS.

POOR Theodora lived in a lonesome cottage in a wood, not far distant from the banks of the Danube. Her husband, who was a fisherman, had died, in the bloom of life, only a short time before. The one comfort which she had in her early widowhood was her only son, a kind, handsome boy, of about five years old, who was called Augustus. That which she considered of the greatest importance was, the teaching him to be good and pious; and her unceasing care was to preserve for him the paternal cottage, and the right of fishing. It is true, that she had been obliged for the present to give up the fishing; and the fishing tackle of her late husband, as it hung useless on the wall, and his fishing boat, which lay turned upside down near the cottage, were painful sights to her. In the meantime she supported herself and her son by making fishing-nets, in





which she was very skilful; and often at midnight, when little Augustus had been long asleep, she worked unweariedly for him. Nor had the little fellow, on his part, any other thought than how to give his mother pleasure. The good mother wept on every occasion which reminded her of her late husband: and Augustus, when he saw this, did all that lay in his childish power to comfort her. A few days after the death of her beloved husband, her brother, who was a fisherman in the next village, came and brought her a fish as a present. Theodora looked at the beautiful carp, and began to weep: "Ah!" said she; "I did not think that I should ever have had again such a fine fish in my cottage."

"Do not cry, mother!" said little Augustus; "when I am a great man I will catch you fish enough."

The sorrowful mother smiled again, and said, "Yes, Augustus, I hope that you will some day be the comfort of my age. Be only as good and upright a man as your father, and I shall then be the happiest of mothers."

Once, upon a fine autumn day, Theodora, from early morning, was busied upon a large fishing-net, which she wished to finish that day. In the meantime the boy collected, in the surrounding wood, beech-nuts, from which his mother wanted to press the oil, in order that she might have a cheap light for her netting in the long winter evenings. Little Augustus rejoiced, above all things, whenever he could bring to his mother his oblong, deep, hand-basket, heaped up

with beech-nuts. His mother praised him always when he did so, in order to animate him to industry, and to accustom him to a life of labour. It was now getting towards noon, and the little fellow was hungry and weary: at length the mid-day bell sounded in the next village, and his mother called him to dinner. She had set out the little dinner, which consisted of a dishful of milk, into which bread had been broken, under the beautiful beech-tree that stood not far from the cottage, in an open green space of the wood.

After the bread and milk had been eaten, and the dish was empty, the mother said to the boy, "Now lie down in the shade of the tree and sleep a little: I will go on with my work, and will come again at the right time and wake you. Now, sleep well!" cried she, as she looked round her once again, and then went with the empty dish into the cottage.

In a little while she returned and looked. The little boy lay sleeping on the green turf: his curly head rested on one arm, whilst the other was thrown round his tidy little basket. He smiled in sleep, and his countenance and his rosy cheek were sweetly shaded by the wavering beech-leaves.

She hastened back again to her work, and netted on industriously till the net was finished. The hours passed, over her work, like so many minutes. She went now to waken little Augustus, but she found him no longer under the beech-tree.

"The industrious child is again at his work with

his little basket," said she, joyfully. Ah! she foreboded not what a grief awaited her.

She went back again, and spread out the net upon the green turf. She found here and there a place in it which required mending; and so a considerable time passed. But as the boy still did not come back with his basket, she began to be uneasy about him. She sought for him through the whole wood, which was about three miles long, and a mile and a half broad, but she found him nowhere. She shouted a hundred times, "Augustus!—Augustus!" but she received no answer.

She was very much frightened: she felt the most extreme anxiety. "If he should," said she, "have forgotten the warning which I have often so earnestly repeated, and have ventured down to the water!" She trembled at the very thought, and ran down to the river: but neither could she perceive anything of him there. She then went weeping and lamenting to the village. A crowd of people collected round the mourning mother: all had compassion on her, especially her brother: not one of them, however, knew anything of the boy. In the meantime, the whole village assembled, determined, with one mind, to seek the child. Some betook themselves to the wood, others to the surrounding country, and others again to the river, to look for him. Night approached, and nowhere had anybody discovered the least trace of him.

"If he be drowned in the Danube," said one of the fishermen of the village, "we shall certainly find the

body. We know the course of the water well : below there, on the gravel, where the great willow-tree stands, it will certainly cast him up again."

The mother shuddered at these words, and went back to her cottage, full of distress, and watched and wept there solitarily through the night. As soon as the light of morning showed itself, she hastened down to the river, to find, perhaps, there the body of her beloved child. Yes, for many days and many weeks went she, every morning and evening, with terrified heart, and wandered lamenting up and down the stream. The fishermen who, in the early dawn, were on the river at their daily work, or were returning from it late in the evening, saw her often wandering thus, and often, too, raising her hands to heaven, and were all of them heartily sorry for her.

So passed on a long time. The body never came to view : the mother neither saw nor heard anything more of the child. She was always unspeakably cast down. "In so short a time," said she, "to lose such a good husband and such a beloved child—ah, that is hard ! If I did not think that the Almighty had permitted it thus to be, I should be in despair !" Often most bitterly did she reproach herself : I ought to have taken better care of the boy," cried she, weeping and wringing her hands. "Oh you mothers," said she to the wives of the village, who wished to console her, "take example by me, and be more watchful."

Poor Theodora ! by degrees her grief made her as pale as a corpse, and wore her away till she was as

thin as a shadow. As she went to church on Sunday, in her black mourning dress, some weeks after the loss of the child, the people said one to another, "Poor Dora! she will soon follow, of a certainty, her husband and her child to the grave!"

The clergyman of the village, a venerable old man, who took the liveliest interest in the fate of his parishioners, had already visited her, and comforted her, several times at her cottage. But when, on this day, he saw her pale, deeply-troubled face, he was greatly distressed. When the service was ended, he sent for her. When she entered his room, the good old man, whose snow-white hair was covered with a black velvet cap, was sitting at his desk, and was writing something in the parish book. He greeted her kindly, and said: "Wait a little while, I shall be ready in a moment."

Whilst she waited, Theodora observed a small picture that hung on the wall, in a round, beautiful, gilt frame. She was very much affected by it, and the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Now," said the Pastor, as he flitted the ink from his pen, and raised himself, "does the picture please you?"

"Ah, yes," replied Theodora, "it is very sweet. I cannot help weeping as I look at it."

"Do you know whom it represents?" asked the Pastor.

"Oh yes, very well," said she; "it is a picture of the Virgin Mary, the mother of our Lord. I never

saw the sorrowful mother, as she weeps for the death of her son, so beautifully painted."

"Thus," said the Pastor, "is she the most beautiful and the most consolatory example for you: observe, therefore, her image carefully. See, the sword in her breast is a symbol, according to Simeon's prophesying, of the deep pain which should, as it were, pierce through her heart for the bloody death of her divine son. Her eyes, full of tears, as well as her clasped hands, which are also raised to heaven, show her devotion and her confidence in God. The golden beams, however, which gleam around her head, signify her glorification in heaven, to which she will at length attain, through her patience in suffering and her submission to the Divine will. Good Theodora," continued he, "you have lost much—your husband and your child: a two-edged sword has pierced your heart: but look up, like Mary, to heaven!—submit yourself to God's will!—trust in Him!—pray for comfort and for strength from above! You know that Mary confiding in God, and strengthened by his mercy, stood erect below the cross. The faith in which she spoke to the joyful communication of the angel—'Behold, I am the servant of the Lord, do to me according to thy will!'—filled her heart also in the hour of suffering, and permitted it not to sink. It is only the assurance that God does all aright, that that which He permits is the very best, which can support you from being overwhelmed by your affliction: forget not, therefore, the great and beautiful object of all our sufferings.

The sufferings of time bear no comparison to the glory which shall be revealed to us. Through suffering is virtue perfected : the sufferings of time lead to everlasting joy. Even Christ himself attained to his glory through suffering. On this way Mary followed Him : nor is there for us any other way to Heaven."

Theodora listened to him greatly affected, and found great satisfaction in the beautiful picture. She could not sufficiently contemplate it. "I will follow," said she, "the example of the afflicted mother : I will look up to Heaven, pray, believe, and say from my very heart, as she did, 'Lord, thy will be done!'"

"Good!" said the Pastor ; "that is right ; that pleases me."

According to the opinion of that good man, nothing was too costly for the consolation of a sorrowing spirit. He took the beautiful picture from the wall, gave it to the poor fisherwoman, and said : "In order that you may not forget your beautiful resolution, and be able to adhere to it, take this picture home with you : I give it to you. When your heart begins afresh to bleed, and it feels as if a two-edged sword were within it, then cast your glance upon the picture, renew your resolution, and the wound will, with God's help, heal by degrees, and above, in Heaven, will a crown of glory also await you."

Theodora followed the advice of the good Pastor ; and her grief became much milder : but still whenever she passed the tree under which she had last seen her boy, there always went a pang through her heart. On

this the thought came into her mind to make a hollow in the tree, and to place within it the beautiful picture. "The tree," said she, "causes me ever new sorrow; but then I should also here ever find new consolation. Ah!" sighed she, "other mothers place, for their dead children, a little memorial in the churchyard; the tree thus may become the memorial of my dear Augustus."

She mentioned her idea to the good old Pastor, and he said nothing against it. "So that it brings you consolation, do it, well and good."

She cut, therefore, with a deal of trouble, a round hollow, about the size of a window-pane, in the bark of the tree, placed the picture within it, and, when she now passed the tree, she looked upon that beautiful picture, and said: "I also will be a servant of the Lord, like Mary; to me also it happened according to His will!" and by degrees her heart became less sorrowful.

## CHAPTER II.

MR. WAHL.

IN the meantime, whilst the afflicted mother wept her beloved Augustus as dead, the little five-years-old boy had made a journey of more than three-hundred miles; had arrived in the imperial city of Vienna; lived there, gay and full of health, in a magnificent house that resembled a palace; was as beautifully and richly dressed



as if he were of noble birth; and, which was more than all this, he was educated in the most careful manner, and was instructed by the very best teachers in all that was good and useful.

This extraordinary change had been brought about in a very simple manner. After Augustus had awoke, under the beech, and had rubbed his eyes, he set off immediately into the wood, to seek again for beech-nuts, and had soon nearly half filled his little basket. At length he came to where there were no longer any beech-trees, and went on and on till at last he came out of the wood on the side bordering the river. A large boat lay on the shore there. The boat had only lain-to here to wait for some passengers that it had to take up. The other passengers, who were in part very rich people, and in part families of the middle class, had all come on land. The elder persons walked up and down the green and meadow-like banks for a little exercise, and the children amused themselves by looking for bright-coloured pebbles among the gravel on the shore. Presently the children saw the little Augustus, and then came up to him and peeped into his little willow basket, to see what he had in it. The pretty brown beech-nuts, with which they were unacquainted, delighted them.

"They are very queer nuts!" said the little Antonia, a lovely child, somewhat younger than Augustus, and who was dressed as prettily as a lady: "such little three-cornered chestnuts I never saw before!"

"Nay," said Augustus, who had never heard of

chestnuts, "they are not such odd things as you say ; they are beech-nuts, and one can eat them." He divided whole handfuls among the children, and they made a great rejoicing. It gave the good little Augustus the greatest pleasure to find such a many merry children all together : such a happiness as this was very rare, for it was not often that he saw even a child from the village. He joined himself to the children, and they gave to him of all that they had, pears and plums.

Augustus was now very curious to see the boat nearer : it was the first large boat that he had seen near. The floating house upon it, a great deal larger than his cottage, appeared to him very wonderful. The children took him with them into the boat. Antonia led him into the papered room, which was appointed for the use of the higher class of passengers.

"Eh !" cried Augustus, in astonishment, "there is in this house a prettier parlour than we have at home!"

Antonia and his other new play-fellows showed him now their toys. Augustus was enraptured by the sight of all these splendours, and thought no more about going home. In the meantime the boat, without the boy being the least aware of it, put from the land, and floated majestically down the river.

Nobody in the boat had paid any particular attention to Augustus. The passengers who had been longest in the boat, supposed that he belonged to some of the new-comers ; and the new-comers imagined that he belonged to those already there. It was only when the evening approached, and the poor child began to

cry aloud, and ask for his mother, that people discovered that a strange child was on board. They were not a little astonished, and no small disturbance arose in the boat. Many lamented and pitied both mother and child; others laughed at the unbidden little travelling companion: the boatmen scolded, and threatened to throw the boy in the water.

At that moment the master of the boat came up, and examined him. "Tell me now, little fellow," began the grave, fat man, "from what city or village came you?"

"I am from no city, and from no village," said Augustus.

"That is strange," said the master: "yet you must have a home somewhere."

"My home," replied he, "stands in the wood, not far from the village."

"Good, now," said the master; "what is the name of the village?"

"Ha!" said Augustus; "what should it be called but the village? My mother never called it anything else. She used to say, now they ring the bell in the village for dinner, or, to-morrow you shall go with me into the village to buy bread."

"What, then, is the name of your parents?" asked the master.

"My father," answered the boy, "is dead, and my mother is called the fisher-wife Dora."

"Then," said the master, "she is named Theodora; but what is her surname?"

"She has no other name but Dora," said the little one; "she has often said to people, that they need not call her anything else."

The master saw very well, that from an inexperienced child, who had no notion even of a surname, but little information would be obtained. He grew very angry, and said: "I wish that the cuckoo had brought you anywhere rather than into my boat."

The good little one, whose eyes were full of tears, answered, quite simply, and without passion, "The cuckoo has not brought me here: I have never once seen him, but in Spring I have often heard him."

Everybody in the boat laughed, but the master was in great perplexity. Here, unfortunately, the Danube flowed through an uninhabited woody region, and far and wide no open space could be seen. In a while, however, as the sun was about setting, they discerned a distant church tower. "I will leave the child in that village," said the master, "that the people there may take it back to its mother; and there, since we cannot go much further to night, will we sleep."

But Mr. Wahl, the father of Antonia, would not consent to this. He was a rich merchant, who was taking several chests full of gold and treasure with him, for he, like the rest of the boat's company, were fleeing before the enemy, it being during the time of the Thirty Years' War which laid waste Germany.

"I wish with all my heart," said Mr. Wahl, "that the distressed mother could, without delay, have her dear child back with her. But at this moment it can-

not be done ! The enemy is advancing, and is approaching the Danube ; a delay of a few hours might endanger our falling into the hands of the enemy, and losing all that we possess. In Heaven's name proceed !"

Mr. Wahl, who had great cause for anxiety, insisted also that the boat should travel through the whole night, considering that it was the time of full moon. They said that this was against their custom : but as he promised a great sum of money both to the master and the boatmen, they consented at last, and proceeded in the clear bright moonlight onward through the whole night.

At sunrise, they came to a little village that lay close to the shore. The master now endeavoured to induce the peasants to receive the child, begging them to inquire out the village and the mother in the district whence he came, and thus to do a deed of mercy both to mother and child. But the peasants said : " Who knows to whom the boy belongs ? It may very easily happen that we shall never get rid of him, and shall have to bring him up amongst us. In these hard times poor folks have more than enough to do ; we will not take any new burden on ourselves."

Soon after this they saw another village on the other side of the river, which lay not far from the shore, and looked very large and respectable. The master determined here to take the child only to the village authorities or to the clergyman, and ordered them accordingly to put to land. But all at once Mr. Wahl

exclaimed, "Hark! Do you not hear the thunder of cannon? The enemy is near us; we must not waste a moment. Forwards! forwards with the ship!"

The master, who feared that in the end the child might be left on his hands, opposed Mr. Wahl, and soon a violent contention arose between them. At this moment, Mrs. Wahl, who was a kind and benevolent lady, stepped between them, and said, in her own peculiar friendly manner, softly to her husband, "We will take the handsome, affectionate boy to ourselves; thus we can do a good work, and put an end to all dispute."

This proposal pleased Mr. Wahl very well, and he immediately said aloud, "Proceed! I will adopt the child, and will provide for him!"

The master was satisfied with this, and everybody in the boat praised the noble-hearted determination of Mr. Wahl.

The boat arrived happily in Vienna. Mr. Wahl bought there a handsome large house, and began again his business as a merchant. He engaged very excellent instructors for his only daughter Antonia, and permitted Augustus to take part in her lessons. The little fellow, however ignorant he might be, showed uncommon abilities, and made, in a short time, such progress in his studies as amazed every one. Besides this he was so discreet and obedient, so good tempered and amiable, and of so pious a heart, that Mr. and Mrs. Wahl loved him as if he had been their own child. The sentiment of love of God, the seeds of

which his mother had at first implanted in him, became more and more living and strong in his heart.

Mr. Wahl observed, with pleasure, that Augustus showed great inclination for trade. He gave him every opportunity for acquiring all the knowledge necessary for a merchant, and then took him into his counting-house. Augustus was soon here of the greatest service; and before he had reached his twentieth year, he was quite capable of conducting, in the best manner, the most important affairs of his foster-father. Mr. Wahl extended his business still more and more. He undertook great commissions for the army, and, although he never allowed himself any unlawful gains, he became thus immensely rich. He saw clearly how much of all this he owed, as well to the skill as to the unwearied industry and inviolable honesty of his adopted son, and was determined to reward him.

The little Antonia was, in the meantime, grown up to be an amiable young lady; she was spotless in heart and mind; a real image of innocence and beauty; besides which she was greatly attached to her youthful companion. To Augustus, therefore, Mr. Wahl gave Antonia as a wife, and none in this world could be happier than they two.

When the war was ended the emperor, to whom Mr. Wahl and his son-in-law had done great service, raised them to the rank of nobles. Good Mr. and Mrs. Wahl, however, could only enjoy for a few years this long-desired peace. They were beloved tenderly both by Augustus and Antonia, and affectionately cherished to

the end of their days. They died, the one soon after the other, in the comfortable hope of seeing again these beloved children, in that blessed abode where reigns eternal peace.

Augustus, now Baron von Wahlheim, gave up his commercial concerns, and determined to purchase, either in Bavaria, or in Swabia, one of those noble estates which had been devastated by the war, and which now were to be had at very low prices. Several were offered to him. He made a journey, therefore, saw them, and selected the beautiful estate of New-church, which particularly pleased him. He immediately prepared for the re-building of its fine but desolated castle, and then returned to Vienna to fetch his wife and his two children.

When Antonia came with her husband to their new possessions, and saw everywhere traces of the misery which the war had occasioned, she was very sorrowful. Many houses of the village were nothing more than heaps of rubbish ; others threatened to fall to pieces ; and whole districts lay uncultivated.

" Ah ! the poor, poor people !" said Antonia, with tears in her eyes ; " we must help them ! "

Augustus rejoiced that his wife thought as he did, and he devoted a large portion of his wealth to the helping his dependents out of their great poverty. He gave timber and money for building ; he purchased corn for seed, and cattle, and divided them as free-gifts among his people. The peasants could not sufficiently praise their new lord, and came to thank him.



“God has made me from a poor boy into a rich man,” said he, “and has blessed me wonderfully in all things. It would be ingratitude if I did not impart of this blessing to others. I rejoice to be able to contribute anything to your happiness: there is no higher happiness than that of making others happy.”

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

WHILST Augustus von Wahlheim had become a rich and fine gentleman, his mother, the good Theodora, had experienced much hard fate, and had led a life of great poverty,—yet, at the same time, from her dependence on God, a life of great contentment.

Soon after the time in which she lost her child, the war advanced into the country of the Danube, where she lived, and the enemy's troops took at once possession of the woods. Theodora lost her solitary cottage, and fled into the village to her brother, who possessed the paternal house: but here also was there no lasting abode for her. The village, during a skirmish, was almost reduced to ashes, and the greater part of the inhabitants dispersed themselves. The house of Theodora's brother was burnt to the ground; but he endeavoured to maintain himself as a fisherman, and Theodora fled to her sister, who lived about thirty miles off. The sister received her very kindly: she had

many children, and Theodora helped her to bring them up. The two sisters lived together in peace and unity, and lightened to each other the sufferings which the war had brought upon them both. After some years, she received a letter from her brother, written from the old home. He wrote to her, that his wife was dead, that his two daughters, during the war, had married away from him, and that he wished that his sister should return to him, and take charge of his house. Theodora returned therefore again to her old home.

Scarcely had she arrived in the village when she betook herself to the wood, and sought for the beech-tree in which she had placed the beautiful picture, and which she had, in her sudden flight, forgotten to take with her. But, good heavens! how everything was changed here! The path which had led to her cottage was no longer to be found: it was lost in high grass and thick underwood. Where hitherto only low bushes had grown, now tall trees had raised themselves, with widely-spreading branches: on the contrary, many large old trees, which Theodora had well known, had disappeared. There had not been for long one single trace of her poor wooden cottage; even the place upon which it had once stood she could no longer find with certainty: all around was a thick impenetrable wood. Theodora was at a deal of trouble, but in vain, to find the tree under which she had wept so much. She passed through thorns and underwood, and carefully noticed every beech-tree.—“If I can no longer find that beautiful picture,” thought she, “still the empty hollow

in the tree would make known to me where once the picture had been."

"Do not give yourself such labour in vain, good mother," said an old man, who was gathering fire-wood there. "I think that the tree is no longer standing. As it is with us on our return to the village, so is it in the wood;—men that we left here as children are grown up; those who then were grown up are now old people; and the old people of those days are now lying in their graves. The young growth presses upon the old trees: all things in this world soon pass away: men still quicker than trees. We have here no abiding-place, therefore will we strive after that which is above, and which endures for ever."

The old man went on his way, and Theodora gave up all hope of ever again finding the tree.

Baron von Wahlheim lived many miles from here; but both that wood, and the village in which Theodora lived, belonged to the territory which he had purchased. One day he came into this very wood, in order to distribute among the people of the village firewood for the winter. The wood had grown quite wild, and would be greatly benefited by the felling of a deal of timber. He wished, however, to see with his own eyes that every needy person obtained his proper share. He sent, therefore, for all the householders, and soon distributed to this one and to that one a tree. Theodora came in the place of her brother. According to his arrangement, the tree against which Baron von Wahlheim stood as she came up, was apportioned to her brother. She

stepped up, therefore, and said, "That the gracious gentleman would please to pardon her brother not coming himself, as he was ill, and could not leave his bed."

Baron von Wahlheim never thought that that aged, meanly-dressed woman, was his mother; and just as little did she think that the gracious gentleman who stood before her, handsome and blooming as life itself, in a fine blue dress, and with a diamond ring on his finger, was her son. He felt, without knowing her, the most heart-felt compassion for her, and gave her the tree.

The forest-master made some demur. "It is," said he, "a pity to give away that large handsome beech-tree. Aspens and birches are good enough for poor people. The beech-wood ought to be saved for the family use of the gracious Baron himself."

Baron von Wahlheim looked gravely at the forest-master, and said, "It is not only the bad, and that which we reject, which we should give to the poor, but of the best also; and especially in a time of need. The tree therefore belongs to the sister of the sick man, and, more than this, it shall be felled and cut into fire-wood at my cost, and shall be delivered also at the door of the poor people. Lay hand, then, to it, instantly, you wood-cutters, before you cleave my wood."

He hastened onward in order to spare her thanks. Theodora looked after him, with tears in her eyes, and said, "God bless the good gentleman!" and then went her way.

And thus mother and son, who had seen each other in this wood, for the last time, upwards of twenty years ago, and who this moment had again met here without recognising each other, might very well again, and perhaps for ever, have become separated from each other, if the holy providence of God had not ordered it better.

Two wood-cutters immediately laid the axe to the tree: it fell with a great crash to the earth; and the men cried out in amazement, "A miracle!—a real miracle!" The tree-trunk had broken in the fall, a piece of the bark started off, and the men discovered at once that picture for which Theodora had so long sought in vain. The colours of the lovely picture were as perfectly fresh and lively as ever; and the frame, the gold of which had been tried in the fire, shimmered in the light of the sun, as if the picture had been surrounded with bright rays. The wood-cutters were young men, and knew nothing of the history of the picture. "It goes beyond our understanding," said they, "how that beautiful picture of the Virgin should ever get into the tree! There is something unheard of in it: it is an evident miracle!"

On the disturbance which the men made, Baron von Wahlheim, who was scarcely two hundred paces distant, came up. He took the picture in his hand and examined it. "Of a truth," said he, "it is very beautiful,—I might almost say a master-piece. The pale, melancholy countenance, and moving glance cast upwards to heaven, are incomparably beautiful; the red dress, and folds of the dark blue mantle are also excellently

painted. Still it is very easy to imagine how it came into the tree. Some pious person has made a hollow in the tree-trunk, and has placed it there. The bark, by degrees, as is usual with these trees, has again closed over it, and thus the picture has become enclosed in the tree."

Suddenly, however, Baron von Wahlheim grew pale, and his hand which held the picture trembled. "Ah!" said he, "this is most extraordinary!" He was obliged to seat himself on the trunk of the fallen tree; for he had turned to the back of the picture, and had read these words,—"*In the year of our Lord, 1632, on the 10th of October, I saw here, under this tree, my only son Augustus, aged five years and three months, for the last time. God be with him wherever he be, and comfort, as he comforted Mary under the Cross, me, the heart-broken mother, Theodora Sommer.*"

The thought went through him like lightning. "I was this lost child! Name, year, and day agree exactly! It was my mother who placed this picture here!"

As he was thus thinking to himself, his mother came by. She had been waiting in the wood for a neighbour, with whom she was to return to the village, and the tidings of the picture, which had just been found, filled her with astonishment.

"Ah, gracious sir," said she, "that picture is mine. I pray you give it me. See my name stands to it; the late pastor wrote it there. At my request also did he write the other words. Ah," said she, weeping, as she examined the fallen tree, "this, then, is the tree

under which my child slept for the last time so sweetly and calmly, before he was taken from me! How often have I gone, since I returned here, past this tree without recognising it! Oh, my Augustus, thus, then, I see the place once more, where my eyes beheld thee for the last time! Ah! thee, thee I shall see no more in this life. It is to me as if I stood upon thy grave!" She could say no more for weeping.

Baron von Wahlheim was almost beside himself to see his own mother in that poor woman. His heart burned within him, and he was ready to spring up and clasp her in his arms, with the exclamation, "My mother!" but he restrained himself, for it occurred to him that the sudden joy might cause her death. He took her kindly by the hand, wiped away her tears with his white handkerchief, spoke comfortably to her, and, by little and little, told her that he knew her son yet lived, and that certainly she would see him again. After these and such-like assurances, at length he said, "I am your lost son." "Thou!" exclaimed his mother, and sank on his breast without being able to say one word more. Locked in each other's arms, they remained a long time silent. All those who stood around wept.

"Dearest mother," said Baron von Walheim, at length, "God has fulfilled your wishes. He was ever with me, and has richly blessed me. You also has He comforted as He comforted Mary; He has given to you again your son as it were from the dead, and has placed him living before your eyes. He separated us, the one from the other, under this tree, and has brought us

again together, even on the same spot. He has safely preserved the picture in the tree, and has brought it again to light at the right moment for us to recognise each other. He has thus revealed himself to us as the Power who does all things for the best."

"Yes," said the mother, "He has done so; the dear, good God! He has taken thee from me because I, perhaps, from a too tender love, might not have brought thee up well. He has given thee to me again, to be my helper in need—nay, for the whole country around, to be a comforting and sustaining angel. All that He does is wisdom and love. Praised be His name!"

All those who stood around joined with her, and praised God aloud.

Baron von Wahlheim now bade the forest-master say to the brother of Theodora, that she would return home next morning, and then bring her son with her; and she engaged her good neighbour to attend, in the meantime, upon her sick brother. After this, Baron von Wahlheim ordered his coach to come, helped his mother into it, placed himself near her, and drove with her back to his castle. Here new joy awaited the good woman. She was half ashamed of appearing in her mean dress before her daughter-in-law, the Baroness; but Antonia was too noble to think of this; she met her with open arms, saluted her in the kindest manner, and esteemed herself happy in knowing the mother of her dear husband. Theodora wept for joy; but when beyond this, her two grand-children, Ferdinand and Marie, were brought to her, both loving and lovely,



amiable, and good as angels, her joy became perfect rapture.

"Inexpressible," said she, "was my sorrow; but my joy is now yet still greater. I can do nothing but weep, praise, and thank God!"

On the following day, Baron von Wahlheim went, with his mother, in his coach, to visit her sick brother. Theodora remained with her brother till he recovered, and then removed to the castle, for so her son and his wife desired. They provided also for her brother in the most kind manner, for they were too wise and too good to be ashamed of any poor relation.

More than this, they invited, on a certain day, parents, children, and grand-children, to a great festival, giving to Theodora the place of honour. The good people were quite enchanted, and sat with tears of joy in their eyes.

The Baron and his wife took this opportunity of inquiring exactly into all their circumstances, and afterwards gave such assistance to each as would be most useful and advantageous to them.

Baron von Wahlheim hung up the little picture in the family parlour: "It shall," said he, "be a perpetual incitement to confidence in and gratitude to God. The inexpressibly beautiful glance which Mary casts up to heaven shall lead ours there; for what, in all dangers and sufferings of this life, can sustain us—can preserve us from sin, and awaken us to good, more than a pious glance upwards to heaven?"



# LITTLE CHATTERBOX.



THERE is an old maxim, which I dare say my young friends have heard more than once, or twice : I know, when I was a little girl, it was told me so often, that as I grew up, whenever I found my tongue running too fast, I used to repeat it over and over again to myself, thus : “ Young ladies should be seen before they are heard.”—“ Young ladies should be seen before they are heard.” I am sure papa, or mamma, or some dear aunt Sarah, or perhaps some of your nurses, have told you this maxim, particularly if you have been considered a CHATTERBOX.

The English are called a silent people, and yet they frequently talk more, in my opinion, than is good either for themselves or others. It is the very perfection of wisdom to know when to speak, and when to keep silence. Some of the most beautiful of the Proverbs of Solomon treat of this : they are admirable in every way. I used to commit them to memory, when I was a little girl : I hope they did me good.

A dear friend of mine has a very nice child—a fond,



good-tempered, generous little creature ; her name is Fanny Eltham : you would be pleased to hear her sing, and see her dance, and, still more so, to observe how willingly she gives up her enjoyments to make others happy. She eats whatever is put upon her plate, without a desire for change : she shares her cakes, her toys, her fruits and flowers, joyfully with her companions :—in short, were she not such an everlasting Chatterbox, she would be the most delightful young lady I know ; but she mars all her good qualities by her love of talking. Fanny will talk as long as she can about what she understands ; and then she will talk about what she cannot possibly understand, rather than remain silent. She has not patience to wait to learn ; but will run away with the beginning or end of a story, fancying she comprehends the whole ; and so, without intending to circulate an untruth, she arrives at a false conclusion, and leads others to do the same : not only this, but her active imagination causes her to add to a story ; and she never pauses to consider the effect her words may produce.

It is really wonderful to hear how fast Fanny talks—crowding one thing upon another—heaping up words and sentences—chatter, chatter, chatter !—I am sure, if hard work ever wore out a little tongue, hers will be gone before she is twenty. But I have reason to think that my little friend Fanny will improve rapidly : I will tell you why I think so by-and-bye.

Before she could pronounce words she would keep on all day, saying, “Yab, yab, yab !” and instead of try-

ing to prevent this unceasing "yabbing," the nurses used to laugh at it, and her eldest sister called her "Yabby," a name changed to "Chatterbox" before she was three years old. "Chatterbox" had also got a very rude habit of asking questions, and not attending to the answers: certainly, of all my little friends of six or seven years old, she was the most unceasingly talkative, and consequently, notwithstanding her many amiable qualities, the most tiresome.

Six months ago I was on a visit at her mamma's house, and I heard Fanny's feet and Fanny's tongue running a race together along the hall and up the stairs—no pause, no stop! what she said was nearly as follows:—

"There Mary never mind my shoes as I want to tell mamma how badly Pompey behaved when we were opposite the Duke's in the park ran at a dog's tail and the dog ran between a pony's legs and then they rolled over and over—a policeman with three heads of cabbage which a woman had spoke to her about carrying parcels in the park—and then Harry's hat went away and my hoop rolled into the Serpentine—and you know you told me to give your love to Mrs. Johnes—and the footman said when he opened the door that his master had run away that morning then he told me not to stand there and slapt the door in my face." The latter part of this story was rapidly told in the drawing-room, where I was sitting with Fanny's mamma; and the latter part only attracted my friend's attention.

"What do you mean, my love, by Mr. Johnes having ran away?" inquired Mrs. Eltham.





*Mature, Mansel and Macgregor, 1871, London.*



forced ; you might not only have caught the disease yourself, but brought the dreadful infection home to your brothers and sisters."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Mary Browne, who was not only a very high-principled, good girl, but an excellent servant ; "I beg your pardon, but I am sure Miss Fanny did not intend to misrepresent. She asked the footman why Mr. Johnes went away ; but she did not attend to what he said, and then became rather angry because he would not let her run across the hall, as usual, to Miss Ellen's room. I would have explained it to her, ma'am," added the maid, who was very gentle in her manner ; "but, really, Miss talked so all the way home, that I could hardly get in a single word, much less an explanation. Miss does not mean any harm by it, ma'am, I am sure of that : she was in charming spirits ; and when she is, her tongue never stops."

Fanny looked abashed ; and her mamma lectured her with great kindness upon this fresh evidence of the danger of her bad habit. She shed a few tears, and promised to be more careful ; but such was her love of chattering, that in less than an hour I heard her again talking to the parrot that hung in the hall ;—a gay, merry bird it used to be, and formerly it said a great many words ; but I dare say Mary Browne understood the cause of its late silence. She told me, just before the family returned to the country, that "Miss Fanny talked it dumb."

Mary Browne was, as I have said, a very nice ser-



vant—clean, active, orderly, respectful, and well-mannered; she was what a good and faithful servant always is, a great treasure; and her mistress brought up her children so well, that they treated all the servants, but particularly Mary Browne, with civility and kindness. The young lady who gave her the most trouble was Chatterbox; not only from her incessant talking, but from the various scrapes she got herself and others into by never “thinking twice before she spoke once.”

This “Think twice before you speak once, and you will speak twice the better for it,” was as favourite a maxim of Mary Browne’s, as “Young ladies should be seen before they are heard” is of mine; but often as she repeated it to little Fanny, still Fanny talked, and talked not only without thinking twice before she spoke once, but without thinking at all. The old Manor-house of Eltham, where Fanny’s papa and mamma reside the greater part of the year, is just at the end of the village which bears the same name. A beautiful old village it is: there is a river so full of trout, that on a summer evening you can see them leaping out of the water at the little grey thoughtless flies that go pleasuring along its surface, never dreaming of danger; and though one fly sees its brother or sister swallowed by a gaping fish, it never has the sense to keep where the fish cannot reach it. This river is crossed by two bridges: one a wide stone bridge of three arches, which leads into the village and to Eltham House; the other is only a little foot bridge of a couple of planks; you can see them from the wide bridge, spanning, as it

were, the river where it is narrowest from bank to bank, protected at either side by a good stout rope. This little bridge is much used by the peasants who live near the common, when they want to get quickly to that end of the village where the doctor and the curate live, and where the market is held on Saturdays. There is an old church, whose tower is crowned by ivy; and in that ivy dwell two old owls—white fellows, with huge, green, monster eyes: the inside of the belfrey is alive with bats, sparrows nestle beneath the eaves of the old roof: the churchyard is filled with humble graves, always green, and, in the summer, bright with starry-eyed daisies, and fragrant with the perfume of wild violets. Even Chatterbox is silent when she passes through that beautiful old churchyard; and people come to look at an old yew-tree which flourishes there, though it is nearly three hundred years old. But Fanny and her sisters like the broad common, and the wood, and the nut-copse, and the green meadows at the opposite side of the bridge, better than the churchyard or the street of the pretty village, or the trim avenues of Eltham House; but, best of all, they like Dame Burden's garden and cottage, which are about a quarter of a mile from the bridge.

Mary Browne never suffers them to go into any of the cottages without their mamma's leave; but Mrs. Eltham has said, "Mary, you may always take the young ladies into Dame Burden's cottage:" and the very evening they arrived at Eltham, they requested Mary to let them cross the bridge, and walk through

the copse which leads to the dame's. Dame Burden's only daughter, Alice, is blind: she had not been always so, but lost her sight when she was about ten years old. Everybody loved Alice, she was so cheerful under affliction; and so industrious, although blind, that she was the principal support of her mother. She netted, and knitted, and plaited, singing all the time like a nightingale; and when she paused, it was to say an affectionate word to her mother, or a sentence of gratitude to God for His goodness to a poor blind girl.

When the young party arrived at the end of the copse, they perceived Alice seated at the cottage door, knitting so rapidly, that they could not distinguish how her fingers moved. Before they entered the cottage garden, Alice rose up to meet them.

"Alice, Alice," exclaimed Chatterbox, "how did you know we were coming?"

Alice smiled: "O Miss Fanny," she answered, "I heard your voice ten minutes ago, in the wood."

"There, Chatterbox—Chatterbox!" — laughed her little brother Harry; "Alice heard your voice above the hooting of the owls, and the rippling of the river, and the cackling of the geese, and the lowing of the cows, and the braying of the donkey."

"I wonder who is the Chatterbox now?" said Fanny: "my tongue never went faster than that: did it, Alice?"

"I think it did, Miss," answered Alice, smiling so sweetly, as she turned her bright though sightless face towards the speaker—"I think it did; but fast or slow, it is a great pleasure to poor Alice to hear it

again, and to hear you all : this is Miss Eltham, I know," she continued, stretching her hand in the direction where the eldest young lady stood. " Dear me ! why you are as tall as I am ! And there is Miss Sophia : and here is Miss Fanny : how you are grown, dear ; and your hair—it is as long again as it was when you left Eltham !"

Fanny ran from beneath her gentle hand, which was as soft and as white as her own mamma's, and bounded into the cottage, calling " Dame Burden ! Dame Burden !" Although the dame was very deaf, she heard Fanny's voice, and greeted her most kindly. " Here is Dame Burden !" exclaimed the Chatterbox : " here she is, Sophy !—Mary ! here is dear Dame Burden : but she is looking ill : " and, lowering her voice, so that the dame should not hear her, but at the same time quite forgetting, that, although Alice was blind, she was not deaf, she added : " I am sure she will not live long : she ought to have the doctor immediately. See how pale she is ; and how lame !"

" Oh, Miss Fanny, why will you speak so thoughtlessly ? " said Mary. In a moment Fanny felt she had done wrong, and saw how she had alarmed poor blind Alice : but spoken words cannot be recalled.

The poor blind girl, who loved her mother, not only because she was her mother, but because she was the only precious thing she had in the whole world to love, turned her sightless eyes quickly on the speaker, and as quickly tears gushed from them. " My mother ill !—pale !—lame ! " she sobbed : " how can it be ? her voice

is not feebler than it was! I cannot *feel* paleness; and when I pass my hand over her dear face, it seems to me the same as ever. I can *hear* the halt when she walks, but I do not think it increases. Oh, ladies—Mary Browne—do tell me the truth; is my dear mother so changed?”

“Alice,” said Miss Eltham, “I am very sorry that these thoughtless words, spoken by my heedless sister, should cause you so much emotion. We have been away for six months, and I really think that little Chatterbox has forgotten how your mother looked when we saw her last. I do not perceive any change, except that she may be a little paler; but I only wish, Alice, you could see how bright and animated the good dame is looking at this moment, and how anxious to find out what we are talking about: do not let her observe your tears, Alice; for she never could bear to see you in trouble.” The poor blind girl wiped her eyes, and kissed Miss Eltham’s hand; and Dame Burden bustled about to get them some fruit and goat’s milk: while little Chatterbox, eager to repair the evil she had done, crept to the side of poor Alice.

“My sister is right,” she said; “I dare say I did forget how she looked when we went away, which you must remember is six months ago: and I am sure I did not mean to give you pain: will you forgive me?”

“Oh, yes, Miss, to be sure I will,” she replied: “but I am sure what you said is true. Hush!” and she listened for her mother’s step. “Yes, she certainly presses more heavily upon that foot than she used.

She is more lame, and yet I did not find it out before : she should have seen the doctor if I had."

"Indeed, Alice, you are mistaken," said Fanny; "she is as active and kind as possible."

"Yes," observed the poor girl, in her soft low voice, "I well know she is kind, Miss—oh, so kind ! I could not tell you all her acts of love and tenderness if I were to talk a whole summer day. She may not look so to you, Miss, but to me she seems bright as an angel."

Fanny could hardly forbear smiling at the idea that the brown, shrivelled woman, dressed in black stuff and a mob cap, was "bright as an angel;" but she had the prudence not to wound poor Alice a second time ; and Mary Browne grieved to see the anxious expression that disturbed the ordinary calmness of Alice's face, and how she listened for every tone of her mother's voice and every step she made : at last, while the children were otherwise engaged, she drew close to her side. "Alice," she said, "do not distress yourself because of Miss Fanny's words ; they were spoken, as she too often speaks, foolishly ; and I assure you there is no cause for your anxiety."

"Mary," she answered, "I have often found that children's words are the words of truth, and I am convinced my mother is ill ; but it cannot be that she will not live long ; surely God would not take her from me !"

Mary reasoned with her, and endeavoured to assure her that Fanny had spoken merely from the desire of talking ; but she found that poor Alice, naturally ner-

vous, and always dreading lest anything should happen to her mother, was not to be convinced. The foolish words, spoken at random, had done what foolish words often do—very great mischief. A strong-minded person would not have suffered as Alice did ; but you must remember, she could not *see* her mother, and she knew, by experience, that the dame, when indisposed, always endeavoured to conceal it from her beloved and only child.

The young party quitted the cottage dispirited and annoyed ; for they left the poor blind girl endeavouring to restrain her tears. Chatterbox was sorely grieved at first, and listened for some time attentively to her eldest sister's advice, who pointed out to her the evil of speaking at random. "I cannot tell you," she said, "how frequently you hurt people's feelings by your inconsiderate words. Papa was going to give the coachman warning the other day, in consequence of something you misunderstood and talked about : and poor Jane Conway told me, that though her present employer is quite convinced of her honesty, she never can forget that she was once considered a thief, from your misrepresentation."

"I am sure, sister," answered Fanny, "I never intended it ; and I explained all about it to Jane, and to her mistress. I did not think she would ever feel it again, after all I cried, and she knew I did not intend it."

"Tears, my love, cannot wash out words ; and words make wounds, more hastily than they can heal them.

You have been told, that all those who talk a great deal, are apt to mingle truth and falsehood together ; and this must be especially the case with you, who cannot understand all you hear, or all you see."

"I do my best, I'm sure," sobbed poor Fanny : "I do my very best. Papa said, the other day, I was like a note of interrogation."

"Not quite," observed Sophy, "*for that waits for an answer.*"

"It is the old story over and over again about me," continued Fanny, pettishly ; "and you tell me the same thing over and over again."

"When you conquer that love of chattering, my own dear Fanny," observed her sister, "we shall find it difficult to discover a fault in one we love so dearly."

The young folk frequently paused on their homeward walk : the fresh air, the variety and beauty of the trees, the singing of the birds, and the clouds tinged by the beams of the setting sun into every variety of rose and saffron colour, delighted them much ; and they all agreed in thinking the country far more charming than the town. By degrees, the blind girl and her mother were forgotten by all except Mary Browne. Harry kept blowing the "puffs" as he called them, off the dandelion heads, to ascertain what o'clock it was : Miss Eltham gathered wild flowers, and told their botanical names and properties to her sisters, thus rendering the walk as profitable as it was pleasing. Fanny had remained tolerably silent, (for her) for some time, until she saw a dog run in among some sheep that were grazing



in a field near the common, and after setting them all scampering, run out again, barking and wagging his tail as if he had performed a brave and gallant action ; and she then began to talk about sheep and shepherds, and their dogs, exaggerating as she talked on, until, at last, forgetting the advice she had received, she burst into her usual torrent of words, some with meaning, and some without ;—now uttering one extravagance and then another.

“What is that you say, Chatter, about a rabbit a yard in length, and a stone in weight ?” inquired little Harry, who was three years younger than Fanny.

“Indeed, Harry, Charles Jeffry said in the square, one day, that he had a rabbit that was a yard long, and weighed a stone.”

“Did he, Mary ?” inquired Harry, who had learned to distrust what his sister said ; and the worst of it was, she did not feel the degradation of being doubted.

“*I* did not hear him say that, Master Harry,” replied Mary.

“There !” said the boy. “What did he say ?”

“He said what I say,” persisted Fanny, “a rabbit—a white rabbit—with lop ears, pink eyes, and a roman nose ; he did, indeed, but all rabbits have roman noses ; and it was a yard long, and weighed a stone.”

“No, Miss Fanny, I beg your pardon ; he said it was so large that, if it had lived, he thought it might have grown to be a yard long, and a stone in weight,” said Mary.

“Oh, oh !” laughed Harry.

"Fanny, Fanny!" exclaimed Miss Eltham, in a reproving voice.

"Well, it is pretty much the same thing, is it not?" replied the exaggerating little girl; "for you see ——"

"Stop, my dear," said her sister, "I must insist upon your attending to me. If I said my sister Fanny is as tall as mamma, and much, much stouter, would that be true?"

"No, sister, certainly not," replied the little maid; "and ——"

"Attend a moment, do, dear Fanny; for this talking and exaggerating will render you not only despicable, but dangerous," persisted Miss Eltham: "but if I said my sister Fanny is tall and large of her age, and one of these days may be as tall and stout, if not taller and stouter, than mamma is now, would not that be true?"

"Yes, sister; but it is very hard of you to say that I may become not only despicable, but dangerous; I intend no harm."

"Again, my dear little sister, I must entreat you to listen to me. When you cannot believe what a person tells you, do you not despise him?"

"But, sister ——"

"Now, Fanny, I will have no shuffling; do you, or do you not, despise a person who tells you an untruth? At all events, you lose all faith, all trust in him; you do not believe him when he tells you the truth, if you have more than once proved that what he said was untrue."

"Well," stammered Fanny, who saw the purport of her sister's words, "I believe you are right."

"As to not intending harm, that is better for yourself; but if you *do* harm, those who suffer, do not profit by the absence of all *intention*. Language is given us to instruct, to enliven, to soothe, to cheer, to divert each other, and to increase the happiness of our fellow-creatures by words of truth and affection; not as a power to be exerted in noise, in the cause of folly, or ——"

I do not know how Miss Eltham would have concluded her sentence, for it was interrupted by a most painful proof of the mischief arising from thoughtless words.

The young party had loitered on their homeward way, and did not arrive at the principal bridge I have already mentioned, until the beautiful sunset, that decked the heavens in such glowing colours, had faded, as sunsets must, into the grey twilight, which, in this country, is the prelude both to night and morning. Harry wished very much to have been permitted to return by the foot-bridge, and urged how much shorter was the path *than* the road; but Mary would not suffer him to do so, as, if his foot slipped on the planks, unless he held the rope firmly, he might roll under the rope into the river, which, though little more than a broad brawling stream in some places, was *there* both deep and dangerous. They had not advanced more than a yard or two on the good old bridge, when, looking toward the foot-bridge, Miss Eltham and Mary Browne saw, almost at the same instant, Alice Burden, the blind

girl, just in the act of stepping on it, evidently feeling, with outstretched arm, for the directing and protecting rope; the other hand held the ribbon by which her little dog guided her steps. They all paused to watch her movements.

"How very foolish of her to come this distance by herself," said Chatterbox: "it will be quite dark before she gets back."

"My dear Fanny," observed Miss Eltham, "how silly that is, dark and light you know are the same to her; but it is certainly much too late for her to be out by herself; and she ought not to venture upon that bridge, which Mary Browne does not think safe, even for those who can see."

"I never knew her mother permit her to be out so late—although Beau is such a sensible little dog that he guides her everywhere. I think, Miss Eltham," continued Mary, "I will ask one of the servants to go to that end of the village and see her home: I cannot imagine why she is out by herself."

At that moment a bird—a wild duck, or a water-hen—rose from the sedges and long tangled plants that grew in such luxuriant beauty beneath the banks which divided the bridges, and flew screaming over the river. Poor little Beau forgot his mistress, and sprang forward, barking at the fugitive: he sprang rapidly and thoughtlessly, and so suddenly it all occurred, that he was struggling over the planks, supported by the slight ribbon, before, even if Alice had had sight, she could have drawn him back.

"Let him go, Alice! let him go!" shouted Miss Eltham and Mary Browne together: "let him go, or you will be over yourself!" But Alice loved the little animal, who had been her guide for more than eight years—she valued her poor dumb friend too highly to "let him go:" she knelt at the side, and pulled the ribbon carefully.

"She has him now!" exclaimed Harry: "what a brave girl!"

"No, no—he has slipped again; poor fellow, how he struggles!" said Sophy.

"Let him go!" repeated Mary Browne, and her voice was a scream. "I knew it," she added, while the young ladies were rendered dumb by the occurrence—"I knew how it would be—she is over herself!"

In speechless agony, Miss Eltham saw poor Alice rise to the surface of the water after her first plunge; Sophy and Fanny hid their faces in their dress; and Harry an embryo man, ran along the bridge, shouting "Help! help!"

When Miss Eltham looked again, the water was so clear, that she saw Alice floating, or, she believed, rolling along towards the very arch upon which she stood. Again the poor girl rose, and extended her arms. Suddenly Miss Eltham's presence of mind returned: she called loudly for assistance, and rushed down the bank, so as to meet, as it were, the blind girl as the current bore her through the arch; for the waters seemed to deal gently with their prey: but one stronger and more useful was there before her—even Mary

Browne. She had waded the stream, and, holding by the strong arm of a tree, which bent most gracefully, and what was better still, most usefully, into the water, she caught Alice by her long floating hair; and in less than a minute the blind girl—ay, and her dog Beau—were on the bank. It was some little time before Alice was restored to consciousness, and knew who breathed upon her cheek—what warm soft hands chafed her temples, and wrung the water from her hair. The first thing that seemed really to restore her was her little dog placing his paws upon her shoulder, and licking her face all over with his little red tongue, as if requesting pardon for his rashness;—she put her arm round him, and kissed his wet coat.

“And why did you go out by yourself, dear Alice, at this time in the evening?” inquired Chatterbox, as the servants and some of the villagers were about to carry the blind girl to Eltham House, that she might have dry clothes, and be returned safely and comfortably to her mother, if possible, before the dame had been made aware of the danger she had so providentially escaped. “Why did you venture out by yourself, Alice?—why?—tell me.”

The poor girl turned her blind eyes towards Fanny Eltham, and replied: “Why, Miss, you said my mother could not live—and looked pale—and was more lame—and ought to have a doctor; and unless it was really so, I knew a child—a young lady—would not say it. I could believe you; and I knew they wanted, through kindness, to deceive me. My mother went to

fold the kids; I felt I should have no rest until the doctor saw her; and as night and day are alike to the poor blind girl, and Beau, I thought, was steady, and knew the way, I resolved to seek the doctor myself. That was how I came to be out, Miss Fanny—all through your words."

Poor Fanny! this was indeed a serious lesson. The various warnings she had received as to what her chattering might lead to, rang in her ears; her head whirled round; she dared not look up, for she felt that every eye was fixed upon her: her thoughtless words had led almost to the death of a helpless innocent being, whom she had loved all her life, and who had heaped little gifts and acts of kindness upon her from the moment she was able to climb the blind girl's knee. Could it be that words—mere words—had done this?

"Oh, Alice, Alice!" she exclaimed, passionately; "can you ever forgive me?"

Bitter as was the lesson, it was not brief. Anxiety for her mother, and the violent shock her delicate frame had sustained, threw Alice into a fever, from which she recovered slowly.

The last letter I received from Mrs. Eltham contains a passage which made me say, at the commencement of this little story, that I had every reason to believe my little friend Fanny would improve rapidly.

"You will rejoice to hear," writes this amiable lady, "that Alice is quite well again, sitting in her old place, knitting and netting, and spinning and plaiting, as usual: singing too; for she is convinced that her mo-

ther is not ill: but she will not again trust herself to Beau's guidance when crossing the foot-bridge. I can never be sufficiently thankful to the Almighty that her life was spared: nor can we do too much for Mary Browne, whose presence of mind and determined bravery were the means of her rescue.

"My poor child has received a lesson which I am convinced has had, and will continue to have, the most beneficial effects on her character, You may imagine what she suffered, day after day, while Alice continued so very ill: nothing could exceed her anxiety: she prayed constantly for her recovery, and relinquished all her pocket-money—indeed, all her luxuries—to contribute to the blind girl's comforts: this, her naturally good disposition would make her do. But now that all danger is over, it is delightful to see how carefully she watches, not others, but herself; and she has requested us all, whenever we see any return of her foible (I call it by too mild a name), to reprove it by the one word 'Alice.' I have only had occasion to do so once; and then she turned pale, and burst into tears, thanking me, when she could speak. I constantly observe that she presses her finger on her lip, as if to keep in her words: and we never, by any chance, now reproach her by calling her 'LITTLE CHATTERBOX.'







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# THE PRINCESS NARINA AND HER SILVER FEATHERED SHOES.

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## CHAPTER I.

MANY ages ago, when the world was younger, and wicked magicians had power; when good fairies, with a busy kindness, went about giving comfort to sorrowing mothers, and weaving lucky spells to keep orphan babes from the harms of the evil one; there dwelt near the shores of the Persian sea, an old shepherd and his wife: their names were Ben Hafiz and Sherzaran. All their wealth consisted in a small flock of sheep, and all their comfort in health, cheerfulness, and two loving hearts. They did not know the pains of hunger, for, like their flock, their food grew at their feet; and the same source brought them clothing. They possessed neither gold nor silver. They arose with the first whistle of the earliest bird, when they constantly went forth to a hill-top that overlooked their little cottage, and, with holy hearts, waited the coming up of the golden sun. After they had said a short and simple hymn of praise and thanksgiving for being allowed to share the glories of another day, they returned to fulfil the duties



of it: he to the tending of his flock; she to her spinning and housewifery. When the labours of the day were over, and the rays of the sun began to make long shadows, they sat down to their supper of new milk and household cakes; which having finished, they returned thanks for the comforts that had fallen to their lot; and, when the mountain-tops looked black in the grey sky, both they and the young lambs lay down to sleep.

It happened one clear and shiny morning, as Ben Hafiz was searching among the caverns in the neighbourhood of the sea-shore, for a lamb that had strayed from his fold, chancing to turn his eye towards the sea, whose green plain was gently ruffled into white and gold streaks by the morning sun and breeze, he perceived at the distance of two bow-shots from the shore, a black object, which, at first, he thought might be a remnant of some shipwreck. After a few minutes' watching, he found that it floated towards the land, and, therefore resolved to wait its arrival. As it came closer in, he observed a silver-winged dove flying round and round it, sometimes stooping towards it like a gull, and at others, hovering over it like a hawk watching for prey. When this thing had come within wading distance from the beach, Ben Hafiz went into the sea to secure his prize; and all the while this silver dove fluttered over his head, singing a low and tender note of joy. No sooner had he secured the object of his curiosity, which proved to be a black chest, with holes in the top of it, than the bird changed into a colour of the

most dazzling gold, and, circled with a rainbow, vanished into the blue heaven. The old shepherd, with one hand upon the chest, and up to his middle in the sea, stood looking towards heaven, and pondering the glory of this vision, when a small cry proceeded from the ark ; and upon dragging it ashore and opening the lid, a female babe appeared, softly cushioned upon the richest silk, and at its feet were a pair of shoes, wrought of silver feathers ; a richly chased gold ring, set with one costly stone ; and a small dagger, the handle of which was gold, inlaid with diamonds and emeralds.

Ben Hafiz wondered at the strange costliness of the articles, and having soothed the crying babe in his bosom, carried her home with all her dowry, to his wife Sherzaran. The old couple resolved to cherish their little foundling, both for its innocent self, and because they believed it to be the offspring of some one, nothing less in rank than a prince.

At night-fall, when their meal was ended, they passed the short hour before going to rest, with talking over the event of the past day, and amusing themselves with the pretty innocence of the babe, that appeared to be but three months old. They also examined the quality of the gorgeous dagger, the elegant shape of the silver-feathered shoes, and the exceeding lustre of the ring. No sooner had Sherzaran taken this into her hand, than both perceived the room to be filled with a gracious odour, as of the breath of violets, and they felt an uncommon joy of heart ; but when she gave it to the little Narina to play with, the eyes of the babe were

suddenly enlightened to an awful brilliance, her countenance became fixed for a moment with an intent look, and then broke into one of those radiant smiles that children are wont to do when they recognise their mother; and all the while a hushing low murmur was heard in the room; like the far-off tender note of the turtle-dove in a silent wood at sun-set. Both noticed the sweet look and smile of the child, and Sherzaran reminded her husband, that "children are said to see angels when they smile," "And if my old eyes are not going, wife," said Ben Hafiz, "I saw, over the head of the babe, while seated on your knee, a countenance of one of the shining ones, that looked upon her with a love and fondness that I can never forget. A blessed spirit watches over the child, and over us; for the breeze before sun-rise, coming from a garden of roses, never gave to my heart such a feeling of quiet joy, as the heavenly things I have seen this night."

Some time after this event, as Ben Hafiz was seated at the door of his cottage, watching his flock, that were eating their evening meal in the valley that lay before him, and the little infant, whom he had named Narina, was crawling on the grass around him, pulling the flowers, and laying them at his feet, and then looking up in his face with a playful smile, a desire came upon him that he would again prove the power of the wondrous ring; so, turning into the cottage, he brought it out, and placed it upon the forefinger of the child, when it instantly closed to the proper size, and her face and eyes became bright as be-

fore, while she laughed and struggled with outstretched arms. Upon removing the ring, it as suddenly increased to its original dimension. The marvel of this circumstance prompted Ben Hafiz to try whether it would fit one of his own fingers. It glided on to the forefinger of his right hand as though it had been made of the softest silk ; and at the same moment he heard a soft and sweet voice in the air bidding him look up without fear. He raised his eyes and beheld, over the mountain ridge that enclosed his little valley, a bright spot in the heavens which quickly gathered up the rays of the setting sun, and stretched forth into the blue sky, and increased and increased till he felt that he himself and the child were in the midst of the glory. In the deep and purple centre of the brightness he saw the winged form of an angel, and no sooner had he discovered it than his heart leaped at hearing again, close to his side, the same mild and sweet voice calling him by name. He turned his head, and there stood before him a female of a stately form, and beauty not to be described. Her eyes had a pensive look, which told that sorrow and anxiety had once been her portion. Her dress was white as the newly-opened lily, and it trembled like a vapour in the heat of noon-tide. The old shepherd prostrated himself to the earth before the vision.

“ Ben Hafiz (said the being of that golden eternity) thou hast done well in protecting the babe that was cast upon the waters : continue the good work, and follow strictly the instructions I am about to give thee. The ring thou must preserve constantly hung round the

neck of Narina, or thine own ; and whenever thou requirest instruction or guidance from heaven, thou hast need only, as upon the present occasion, to put it upon the forefinger of thy right hand, and immediately thy wants shall be supplied. The dagger must always be kept in thy bosom, next to thy heart ; and the silver-feathered shoes thou must desire thy wife Sherzaran to place every day at the foot of the little Narina's bed, and never remove them from that spot. But above all things I charge thee (and here the voice of the spirit faltered with solemnity and earnestness), if a strange man with light golden hair and straw-coloured beard, ever chance to seek the child in this place, allow him no communion with her, and should he claim her as his own, resist his will to the uttermost, as if she were the last-begotten of thy old age, the cherished one of thy bosom. Thou hast but to summon me with the ring, and I will be present with the performance of the act : that ring alone links me with the earth ; preserve it, therefore, and I can ever attend to guard thee and the babe ; lose it, and all power is for ever taken from me to hold converse with mortality. A dreadful gulph will then be drawn between me and all on earth, whom in the spirit I love as when my dwelling was among them in the flesh. Farewell—be constant to your trust, and you will be happy."

"O, sacred companion of my father's spirit," said Ben Hafiz, "grant to thy servant the knowledge of thy former state." At this moment the shade of evening fell upon them, as of a cloud passing over a field : the

glory dispersed ; and looking up he saw nothing but a bright spot above the mountain head, and in the centre of it the same silver dove he had before beheld, speeding her way. Ben Hafiz on his knee, and the child holding fast his hand, remained fixedly gazing till the golden light had melted into the dark blue.

## CHAPTER II.

NEARLY four years of the life of the little Princess Narina had passed away since we last left her with her old guardian, following with her eyes the flitting form of her preserving angel. During all this while the store of Ben Hafiz had improved and multiplied wonderfully ; the valley in which he lived was watered abundantly with the dews of heaven ; the grass was greenest in all the country round ; his sheep were always healthy—he never lost one either by straying or rapine—the jackal and the vulture came not near his fold—a heavenly Shepherd watched over and preserved the flock. Their wool was so fine, that it was purchased for the king of that country and the lords of his court. Ben Hafiz, with his wife Sherzaran, and their little child of the sea, were the happiest creatures in the world ; his daily labour was a pastime ; her duties in the cottage were never so quickly and pleasantly performed as since the time she had fostered the outcast and stranger child ; while the days of Narina were spent either with the good dame at her spinning-wheel,







Die drei Könige und der König von Saba

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any good wholesome medicines and drugs, or good oil of roses, or knitting needles, or any choice necklaces ? I have a large assortment. And if you have any fleece to dispose of I will exchange with you. I know your wool fetches a good price at market, and you will find my wares as fine of their kind, If once you deal with me, I am sure I shall have you for a regular customer. I have been many years a travelling merchant about this part of the country, and all the great folks buy of me."

"What you tell me may be very true," said the worthy old Sherzaran, "but I never deal with strangers for my fleeces ; I can always sell them at a good market, and I am not fond of changing about. You *may* be no stranger in this country, but—" and then she looked him steadily in the face—"you are quite a stranger to *me*. No, good man, I do not want any of your wares." At this moment the little Narina came trotting in, and the old dame observed that the pedlar's face changed to a frightful wolf-like expression as he caught sight of her. Then, in a moment, smoothing his brow with an innocent smile, he inquired whose child she was ; "For," said he, "she cannot be your grand-daughter, as I know you never had any children ; and you have long since been too old to become a mother."

"Too old or too young," said the kind old Sherzaran, "she is mine, and so you may go about your business ; I want nothing of you, and you shall have nothing from me."

"That," said he, "remains to be seen ; I have come

all the way from the furthest territory of the kingdom of Arabia, at the command of my sovereign, to discover, by my magic art, where his only child has been secreted, who was stolen from his palace one night by her false hag of a mother, and committed to the mercy of the waves in a cedar chest. It is of little use your attempting to deceive me; you know that your husband found her at sea. I am sent to bring her back, and my gracious lord and master has commanded me to reward with a chain of inestimable price the person who should have protected her." At these words, thinking to dazzle the eyes of the simple cottager, he drew from his bosom a superb gold chain, studded with the most rare and precious jewels, whose lustre seemed to turn back the declining light of the sun to broad noon. But good old Sherzaran was not to be put from her purpose; her great love for the little Narina, and the strong desire she had to fulfil her duty to the child, made her faithful to the sacred charge she had undertaken. "Your gold and your diamonds," said she, "are no proof that what you tell me is true; the child may be, and I doubt not is, the offspring of some great king or noble; but if he desire to have her restored to him, he must send some one very different in appearance from you to fetch her." A thought then suddenly came into her head, for seeing that, during this conversation, the old pedlar had entered the cottage door, and as he stood in the room that there was no passage out but by him, she in a low voice told Narina to go to her little bed-room, and put on her silver-feathered shoes. The

moment the villain heard these words he made a spring at the child; but Sherzaran, watching him all the while with the tender jealousy of an ewe over her lamb when an enemy is near, struggled between them. In an instant the little foundling was at her bed-side, and as soon the silver-feathered shoes were on her feet. The old dame called for help to her husband without, who, hearing the noise, looked up, and saw his infant charge spring from the window like a terrified bird, and, softly alighting on her feet, speed away towards the mountains, over their valley, with the skimming motion of a swallow when a rain-cloud is singing in the wind. Ben Hafiz immediately ran to the cottage, and bursting open the door, beheld his trusty partner on the ground, across the passage leading to the little Narina's room, and the old pedlar, whose form had now changed to that of a bird, huge and hairy, on the legs of a beast, striding over her, to follow the object of his pursuit. At the entrance of the shepherd he turned round, and was preparing to seize him in his talons, when the precious ring that hung round the neck of Ben Hafiz caught his eye. The charm of this jewel held him fixed so long as he remained looking upon it (for he could not approach him), but all the while, like a chained fury, he vented the most bitter curses upon the shepherd and his wife. This circumstance first brought Ben Hafiz to remember his ring, and the injunction he had received from the guardian angel; but before he could pass it on to his finger, the horrid shape rushed through the door of the cottage, with the scream

of a flock of vultures that are scared from their meal, leaving the faithful couple swooning on the ground at the horrid vision.

Upon returning to their senses, Narina was the first object of their thoughts, and inquiries of each other. Where to seek for her they could not tell, for the last glimpse that the shepherd had of her was, when she was darting through a pass in the mountains with the swiftness of an arrow. He, however, arose, and went forth, directing his steps towards the quarter whence he had caught the last appearance of her little form. He took care, at the same time, upon leaving his cottage, to look behind and around him, lest the dreadful object of their late trouble should be watching his motions. He had scarcely reached the boundary of his valley, when, in the deep gloom of that eastern evening, he perceived a light, as of a summer meteor, flit past him, and before he could turn to follow its course, it had increased to a splendid, yet mild radiance, in the midst of which he beheld the well-known form of his angel-visitor, while at the same moment his hand was clasped by the sweet little object of his search. "Go on, Ben Hafiz," said the gentle dweller of eternity; "be faithful to your trust, and you will be happy. No one was ever miserable in your world (the world I have left) who loved the truth, and performed what he felt to be his duty. In that world I had my sorrows, and they were of the deepest dye; yet was I never wholly stricken down; I wept at the weakness and injustice of others, but never experienced that greatest

of all afflictions—the reproaches of an upbraiding heart. Hold on the same course you have hitherto done, and you will hereafter dwell in the mansions of tranquil felicity, and partake of the same blessed thoughts that have happily fallen to my lot. One more charge I leave with you, and that is, never to allow the finger of a stranger to be laid upon your little foundling. She is safe so long as the enemy who seeks her life cannot touch her. Farewell—be faithful—be happy.”

With these words, the form melted into the night breeze, and the worthy Ben Hafiz returned home with his foster-child, who trotted by his side, one hand holding his, and the other her silver-feathered shoes. Their talk all the way was of the ugly old pedlar, and of the pretty shoes which saved her from his wicked intention to take her away. She never spoke of the blessed vision. No conversation on the part of her old foster-parents, whom she loved tenderly, could ever draw from her an observation concerning that heavenly guardian. She would at times sit for hours, her eyes glistening with delight, and features kindled into inexpressible loveliness and serenity, to all appearance listening to some sweet speech; and then she would suddenly turn to her amusements in her flower-garden, or to attend to the affectionate Sherzaran in the simple duties of the cottage. These hours of silent communion most frequently occurred before she went to rest for the night.



## CHAPTER III.

TIME had rolled on since the last adventure of the little Narina with the ugly old pedlar-magician, and she had now attained the age of seven years. Pen cannot describe, and tongue cannot tell, the rare beauty of her face, or the delicacy and lightness of her form. In pretty timidity, restless playful action, and gentle demeanour, she resembled the antelope of the desert; while the mild and purely innocent expression of that almost perfect creature's eyes still continued the resemblance between them. Those of Narina were of that rich and deep azure which can be likened only to the heavenly sky of a southern climate. They were a deep, deep blue, and, when minutely examined, they impressed the beholder with a sensation amounting to awe; for the sweet wisdom of infinite goodness and benevolence had kindled them with that divine ray which distinguishes His immortal image from the limited and perishable beast of the field. She was a thoughtful and serious child in the midst of all her sweet playfulness and winning little pranks. She would retire, as it were, within the sanctuary of her mind, and fold up every outward appearance of consciousness, like a flower at nightfall, and commune with her own fancies. Who has not observed and felt the deep beauty of an infant, when serious and thoughtful?

Narina loved her guardians with more than common

affection, and she was dutiful in proportion to her love ; for affection, with obedience to the wishes of those we love, always go hand in hand. But Narina never felt that she was the child of Ben Hafiz and Sherzaran. Her frequent communings with that heavenly visitor, and the strange yearnings of unerring nature, had taught her at this early age, that she had other alliances than with those kind old protectors ;—much as she was bound to, and would fondle them. This constantly-returning sensation imparted a dignity to her demeanour : she looked like a little lady, and not a humble peasant.

One evening, as they were seated round their fire, preparing their last meal of the day, while a storm of thunder and lightning, mingled with a furious wind and rain, was raging without, they heard, amid the stillness in the pauses of the blast, a low rap at the door, and a female voice imploring help and shelter from the hurricane. The old dame, with the consent of her husband, rose to give assistance to the wayfarer ; when, upon opening the door, a tattered beggar, drenched with rain, steps over the threshold, and begins earnestly to demand some food and an asylum till the storm shall have ceased ; also a direction to the nearest town. Her sudden manner of entering the cottage did not escape the observation of Ben Hafiz : he, however, desired his wife to give her some of their own supper, and to assist in drying her clothes at the fire ; while he drew his seat close to the little Narina, keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the stranger.

The storm continued to rage, and the guest having finished her meal, and dried her garments, related to her entertainers the history of her travels, and concluded by informing them that she was then upon her way to the court of the king of Persia, where she had a message of great importance to deliver from the king of her own country, which nearly concerned the welfare of the Persian monarch, and which her master was unwilling to entrust to his ambassador, for fear of betrayal; that she was her sovereign's chief confidant, and had assumed this disguise, that she might pass to the place of her destination unnoticed and unmolested. She concluded by thanking them for their hospitality, which she said should be richly rewarded upon her return from the palace; when a very different garb from that in which they then beheld her would be her portion; and moreover, that a numerous retinue of attendants would be at her command. Before she departed, however, she requested leave to present to the little Narina the only gift she had at that time in her possession. It was a whistle of very ordinary appearance, but its qualities were described as greatly surpassing its humble pretensions. By the use of this instrument, the possessor would be able to charm the fiercest beast, or the most deadly human foe; and if at any time she wished to know the true thoughts of any person who might address a speech to her, one simple note on this ill-favoured little pipe, would explain to her the secret intention of the speaker. By means of it, also, she could hold conversation with any friend,

though separated from her in the most distant part of the world.

All this while Ben Hafiz had never withdrawn his eyes from the stranger, and consequently had observed that, from the moment she had taken her seat, her glances were from time to time directed towards Narina with a strange expression of fierceness and malignity, although all the time the other features of her face assumed a smiling and alluring form. When, therefore, at the close of her description of the virtues of this whistle, she reached forward to give it to his little darling, he put forth his hand to receive it of her. The stranger, however, withdrew the present, saying that it must be placed in the hand of the person for whom the gift was intended. "Then," answered Ben Hafiz, "it shall be equally useful to her, for as we are never separated, I can give her all the knowledge she may wish, respecting those who are removed from us, as well as the secret thoughts of her foes : and if ever we should be surprised by any wild beast coming into our valley, I can equally well protect her as she can herself." Still the beggar woman sought to urge the gift upon the little Narina, and her kind protector as steadily and firmly resisted her endeavours. "Nay, then," said the stranger, "my purpose must be fulfilled ;" and with these words she darted forward to seize the child, but the worthy Ben Hafiz was prepared for her, and at that same instant he had slipped the ring on to the finger of his foundling. With this action, the whole scene in their cottage underwent a total change. The apart-

ment was instantly filled with a blaze of light, and between the child and the stranger stood the form of the silver dove glittering in the golden flood, while that again was instantly transformed to the same heavenly attendant who had constantly answered their summons. The countenance and habit too of the beggar woman vanished, and instead of them appeared the figure of a man, with fierce grey eyes, and yellow hair and beard. The spirit, with a face of deep anguish and resentment, uttered some words in a melancholy tone, not understood by the shepherd and his wife. And all the while the countenance of the stranger (who against his will was compelled to look at the vision) was alternately filled with rage, disappointment, and shame. When the strange words were ended, the light increased to a more intense degree, accompanied with a roaring as of a great conflagration, and in the midst, a loud yet mild voice was heard, which dismissed the enemy of the little Narina; for although neither door nor window of the cottage had opened, the three inhabitants found themselves alone with their heavenly guardian, who, turning upon them a countenance glowing with love, gentleness, and approbation, again comforted the shepherd with these kind words:—

“I now find, good Ben Hafiz, that you are to be trusted with the preservation of the little Narina. You have followed my instructions, and it is well that you did so. The stranger whom you received and kindly entertained this night, has been the bitterest enemy of my life, and is now, if not the only one, the cruellest

persecutor of your lovely charge. Keep your faith with me, and hereafter you shall know more of our history. Happy was it for her and for me, that you so steadily followed my commands. Had you allowed that stranger to present the whistle to the child, he would have *touched* her; and from that moment she would have been in his power; and then my spirit shrinks to think what her fate would have been. You would have lost the comfort of your old age; your worldly prosperity would have departed from you; and what is worse than all, you would have forfeited your honour, and lost your own self-respect; and then, good Ben Hafiz, you could not have been happy. You have been too long in communion with the good Being that gave you life, and from whom you have received every gracious and holy thought, not to know that they are the happiest people who are the most virtuous and kind. Had your little charge received the stranger's present without being touched by him, the gift would still have proved fatal to her; for, at the moment of using it, she would have been transformed to some loathsome reptile, and been doomed to inhabit that shape one hundred years; and so to creep about the earth doing nothing but whistling. The same misfortune would not have happened to you, because the malignity of the enemy is not directed against you; on the contrary, had it once come into your possession, you would in an instant have discovered the character of the giver of it. The full extent of its power can injure those only who are the objects of its maker's bitterest hatred. Well, there-

fore, have you acted, Ben Hafiz, in following my injunctions so strictly, and great shall be your reward, if you remain faithful to the end. Farewell!—again I say, be faithful—be happy.”

With these words, the glory of the vision suddenly diminished; the heavenly form had departed, and the room was lighted only by the sinking embers of the wood-fire, and the small flame of the table-lamp, which, from the contrast, scarcely relieved their eyes from a feeling of total darkness. The little Narina covered her face for some time with both hands, and then gravely and silently returned to her supper: and when the meal was finished, Ben Hafiz closed the labours of the day with a hymn of praise and thanksgiving.

## CHAPTER IV.

Two more years in the life of Narina had passed since the last adventure, during which time she had increased—if that were possible—in beauty of face and person, as well as in gracefulness of action. The powers of her mind, too, had considerably augmented: with the slender assistance that the old shepherd and his wife could render her, she quickly attained the means of reading their language, and with this advantage at her command, a week rarely passed without her persuading her kind protectors, one or the other, to accompany her to the neighbouring town, that she might select some

new book of poetry, or history of a great and good king and queen ; and these she would read over and over again, learning by heart favourite passages of the poetry.

By the assistance also of such instruction, added to her own pretty taste and research, she had become perfectly acquainted with the forms, names, and different virtues of the flowers and herbs which in profusion adorned the valley where she dwelt. Her sweet and harmless manners had charmed the wild natures of the most unsocial birds ; and the timid quadrupeds that haunted the most inaccessible precipices encircling the valley, had become accustomed to her approach, and only flew away in sport, to lure her on to the race. The previous adventure of the pedlar had taught her the virtue of her silver-feathered shoes, and she would now turn them to constant use : by their means she would cross the plain with the fleetness of a ring-dove, and lead on, or pursue the antelope to the giddiest heights ; then would she glance down the crags, leaving her playmates breathless behind. It was the prettiest sight to behold her with one arm round the neck of a gazelle, keeping pace with it at its greatest speed, all the while her feet scarcely appearing to move.

The liberty, however, which these wondrous shoes had afforded her, gave great uneasiness to the old shepherd and his wife, and no persuasions could induce them to allow her this wide and free range so far from her nest in the cottage, till she had seriously promised never to pass to the other side of the mountains sur-



rounding the valley, or to allow any human being, under any pretence whatever, to approach her. She was therefore constantly before their eyes, and had any danger approached, Ben Hafiz could apply to his ring, while she, with her shoes, could have outstripped the wind.

An event shortly happened which proved the wisdom of their caution and watchful care over their precious charge. One morning, as the shepherd was seated in the porch of his cottage, fastening on the head of his crook, while his flock were scattered on the plain before him, "cropping their hasty meal," and at his side the busy Sherzaran, dressing a fleece for the market, the silver dove suddenly flew past them, uttering a plaintive cry of alarm, and was seen hurrying away towards the brow of one of the distant mountains. Ben Hafiz instantly guessed that all was not right, and upon going forth to the front of his cottage, he perceived the little Narina afar off on the steep declivity of a mountain. One moment she was seen springing from crag to crag, and then for a moment was lost to sight; a third brought her to the plain, and at the same time placed her by the side of her fond old protectors. They quickly discovered the cause of her hasty and alarmed return, and had reason to congratulate themselves that the blessed dove and her magic shoes had restored her to her asylum; for, in a few minutes, they perceived, coming over the brow of a hill, several horsemen, who were galloping backwards and forwards, and scouring hither and thither, as if in search of

something, or to discover the readiest path down to the plain. After a short lapse of time, others arose in greater number, and waited for a signal from those who had preceded them to move forward. And now there was another pause, when a still more numerous band came up; and as they spread over the brow of the hill, after issuing through the narrow pass, it was discovered that the whole company was the advance-guard of an army; for, in descending towards the plain, the rays of the morning sun played upon their armour and spears; and as the whole mass moved in different directions, one while it appeared dark, and then suddenly gleamed forth like flashes of lightning. And now a far-off blast of trumpets was heard, which was answered by another so remote as scarcely to reach the ear. This last troop having descended half way down the mountain, the wondering cottagers beheld a fourth and still more numerous company rise into view; and, as they approached the plain, the sound of a thousand musical instruments filled the air, with the clashing of cymbals and the chiming of bells. The multitude had by this time all descended, and the peaceful little valley was disturbed with the mingled sounds of trumpets, and neighing of horses, and the rushing hither and thither of soldiers in rich caparisons.

While nothing less than the thought of an approaching war had occupied the thoughts of the cottagers, a horseman, more splendidly dressed, and mounted upon a roan charger, attended by a select band, all accoutred in golden tissue, studded with precious jewels, issued

forth from the main body of the army, and rode up to the cottage porch where Ben Hafiz and his wife were standing, the little Narina being within the doorway, gravely contemplating the wonderful change that had taken place in her beloved valley.

“Ben Hafiz,” said the chief, “I am the king of all the territory which extends from that part of the earth where the blessed sun first darts his fiery beams, to the borders of the great sea, in which he allays the scorching heat of the wheels of his golden chariot. From that distant clime I have come to visit the monarch of your own country, as well as to claim my long-lost child, who was charmed away from me by a false and malignant sorceress, that I had the ill-fortune to call my queen. I have with great pains discovered that my child is not only an inhabitant of this valley, but that you have been her faithful protector from the hour that she was charmed away from her father’s arms. It is, therefore, my determination, not only to carry her back to my own court, but also to make you the richest man in my kingdom, as a reward for the care and fidelity with which you have guarded my daughter.”

“Great prince,” answered the good Ben Hafiz, “it is most true that I have been a father to a most beauteous child, whom, when an infant, I rescued from yonder sea; and to the best of my humble wit, I have protected and educated her. She is dear to me as the precious gift of sight; and no less calamity, now in my old age, than the destruction of these eyes, would be the

bereavement of my dearly-beloved little Narina. And so tenderly do I hold her welfare, that, with all humility to the high mightiness in whose presence I now stand, a humble shepherd, I would yet firmly declare, that I cannot forego the protection of this beloved child, without stronger proof of her parentage than that which has now been offered to me. Far be it from me to put my poor self in array against so great a monarch, and attended by so magnificent a train; but the word of a poor shepherd is his richest store, and I have made an oath in heaven to preserve ——”

“Wretch!” said the prince, his eyes flashing fire as he spoke; “is it for one, base-born like thee, to presume to doubt the speech of a king who could command thee, and ten thousand of thy fellows, to be hewn in pieces, and their morsels to be scattered to the vultures?”

“My body may be destroyed,” rejoined the steady Ben Hafiz, “and my precious treasure may be carried away (mayhap for evil), but my truth and fidelity to her, no prince, were he lord of the whole earth, can even bend, still less break asunder.”

The fury of the king now passed beyond all bounds, so that in the violence of his transport the calm old shepherd recognised the cruel face and grey eyes of the pedlar. At this moment he ordered his attendants to follow him into the cottage; and, springing from his horse, he seized the shepherd by the throat; but the old man’s virtue was again rewarded; for the jewelled

dagger, which had always lain in his bosom, ready, in case he had need of its service, darted forth of its own accord, and plunged to the hilt in the breast of the false king, who, with a loud curse and a deep groan, fell stone dead at the feet of the faithful Ben Hafiz. In horror and amazement he beheld the event, but before he could collect his senses he saw the whole scene, horses and horsemen, vanish in a cloud of smoke, while the only remnant of the vision was a large shaggy beast, that scoured with a frightful noise across the plain. He looked again, and the valley had assumed its former peacefulness, with its silent sheep scattered over it, feeding as before.

The next act of Ben Hafiz was to search for the dagger, which he found safely restored to its former warm asylum, next his heart. He now applied to the ring; and no sooner had it encircled his finger, than his heavenly guardian stood before him in a different guise from any in which she had hitherto appeared. Her dress consisted of a silken robe of heavenly blue, sparkling with an amazing profusion of gems and other precious stones; her neck, bosom, and arms, too, were adorned with jewels of inestimable value; and on her head was a crown of gold, that darted forth rays of many-coloured lights, which dazzled the eyes of the beholder.

"I am come before you, dear and faithful Ben Hafiz," said the mild voice of the heavenly one, "in my own character, that I formerly held when a dweller on earth." The gentle spirit now looked towards the

little Narina, who had stepped forth from the cottage, and a yearning expression came across her face, which, had she been a mortal mother, might have been followed by tears.

“I was a queen,” she continued, “but am now a happy angel. I was a queen, the daughter of a queen, and, through your fidelity, I shall be the mother of a queen. The man whom you have just slain was my lord’s brother, and my most bitter foe. By his wicked machinations he turned from me the heart of the most generous and tender husband that ever blessed the days of mortal woman. This bitter change in the affections of one so loving, and who had been so beloved in return, preyed upon a slender frame, and brought me to the grave. A short time before I left him for ever, I gave birth to yonder child; and, being warned by my godmother, who was a good fairy, of the evil intended her by her wicked uncle, an evil and powerful magician, and who sought to inherit the kingdom after the death of his brother, I caused her to be conveyed away from the palace, and committed in that black cedar chest to the mercy of the waves. My spirit had left its earthly dwelling before my little offspring had been many hours upon the waters. I need not bring to your recollection the vision of the silver dove hovering over the little ark, when you discovered it; and which contained all that bound me most strongly to earth.

“Thus, accompanied only by the silver-feathered shoes, the ring, and the dagger (gifts of my godmother),

and the tender blessings of a heart-broken mother, did my infant, my babe, my young first-born, leave her royal home on her perilous voyage of life. The Good Spirit, whom now I adore in company with blessed angels, guided my precious burden to your sheltering care, my good and faithful Ben Hafiz, and a worthy instrument - are you of his great goodness.

“And now, only one thing more have I to communicate. Should you hereafter be questioned by a tall and dark man, of melancholy but handsome aspect, concerning my child, observe him narrowly while you repeat to him my tale. Should he preserve a stern, unmoved countenance, then keep my child for ever, and let her not depart from your protecting care; but if he betray emotion and sorrow for my fate,—” here the spirit’s voice trembled with a mortal tenderness and faltering,—“then surrender my child to his bosom, for he is her father.”

With these words the form melted into air, and the shepherd, drawing a deep breath, turned towards his little charge, who was kneeling in the entrance of the porch: her hands were firmly clasped: her countenance was deadly pale, but a serene and happy smile played on her lips, as her eyes, beaming with affectionate devotion, were bent forward towards the spot lately occupied by her angel-mother.

## CHAPTER V.

UPON her return one day from the market in the neighbouring town, Dame Sherzaran brought intelligence that some famous king from the other side of the sea was coming in great pomp to the Persian court. "And if he be a young king, and a handsome one," she added, who knows but he may make our dear Narina his queen; for you know the good spirit told us she was the daughter of a queen, and would be a queen herself." "You women," said the old shepherd, "always have your heads running upon love and matrimony. So, forsooth, because you have found out that our little darling is a princess, and that a stranger king is coming among us, to pay his court to our king, nothing less must come to pass, but he must make a queen of her." "Many greater wonders than that have happened," said she; "but, queen or no queen, we will all go and see the show when he arrives."

Some days after the above announcement on the part of Sherzaran, as the little Narina was at her favourite play with her pretty four-footed companions, on the summit of a mountain that looked immediately over the sea, she suddenly ceased from her sport, and came tripping down towards the cottage, to inform her friends that, a long way off in the sea, a number of beautiful ships were sailing along, and that they appeared to be coming to the part of the coast nearest to their habitation. Ben Hafiz set forth as fast as his old legs



would carry him to a pathway in the cliffs, that led straightway down to the beach; from whence he could catch a sight of the sea, and from which spot he first saw the chest that served the little Narina for her early cradle, and in which she was rocked by the waves.

A gay scene was here presented to his view; for the time he had occupied in arriving at this place had brought the fleet much nearer to the land. It consisted of many vessels, some of them covered with burnished gold, mingled with the brightest colours, that mixed with the sun's rays, and cast beautiful reflections upon the blue and green waves. The masts were silver, and the sails were variously ordered—some of bright purple and gold, some orange, and some rose-coloured and silver. One alone was different from all the rest; it was a dark and melancholy ship; the sails, too, were of the same dismal hue; and the flag was black, bearing upon it a white heart with one-half cut away.

The shepherd and his little darling were all the while the only spectators of this strange sight. After a short time, however, when the fleet had all drawn nearly close to the shore, they observed a few people running from the opposite side of the valley, to the spot where they were standing; these also had seen the fleet out at sea, and were come from the neighbourhood of the city to witness the landing of the crews. In a short time after, a large crowd was flocking to the same spot. Meanwhile, the crews of the different vessels were

busily engaged in landing and bringing to shore various articles of value, with rare animals of great beauty and stateliness ; horses also, richly caparisoned and of elegant figure. When the whole were landed, and drawn up in order of procession, one majestic figure, followed by his horse, came from the black ship, and, having mounted, the order was given for the whole company to move towards the city.

The little Narina and her protector were lodged in a narrow recess of the cliff enclosing the passage, and above the road through which the procession was to pass, and were curiously contemplating the variety and splendour of the array. First came a troop of soldiers, clad in scarlet and gold, upon milk-white horses ; the foremost twelve of whom bore silver trumpets, which, from time to time, they blew. Then came six horses of the most perfect shapes, and of different colours, each horse being led by a page in green and gold. These were followed by six yeomen dressed in gold tissue, each bearing a steel bow of extraordinary length and exceeding brightness. After these, six others succeeded, clad in blue and silver tissue, holding silver shields, richly embossed with gold. The same number of foot pages followed, in orange robes lined with purple, who bore spears of jet black ebony shafts, inlaid with gold figures. Then walked alone, and at a short distance, a single attendant, in a tunic of white and silver, bearing a vase formed out of the largest ruby in the world, and mounted upon a golden pedestal. Four came after the last, dressed in crimson and gold, each holding on his

first a milk-white eagle. Then followed four golden peacocks, each one led in a silver chain, by a little boy dressed in satin of sky blue. All these fair things were intended for presents to the king of Persia. Then came a company of twenty-five Ethiopians, tall men, and of the most swarthy skin; these were clad in white silk dresses, descending no lower than the knee, and fastened above their hips by golden girdles, inlaid with rubies and emeralds. These last were succeeded by a troop of archers in light armour. Then came the king, riding alone, at a considerable distance; and the whole procession was completed by a company of spearmen, in red and gold, on grey horses.

The king was habited in a suit of coal-black armour, and his horse was of the same doleful complexion. As he rode at a sober pace, with the beaver of his helmet up, he displayed to view a pale and handsome countenance, sadly thoughtful, yet mild, and adorned with a short and curly black beard. He appeared to take little notice of the admiring multitude, but as he passed the spot in the cliff where the little Narina and her friend were standing, level with his own figure as he sat upon his lofty steed, his eyes suddenly rested upon the face of the child, and he involuntarily drew up the horse's rein, while a blush started to his cheek. He paused a moment, attentively considering the object of his notice, then passed on, at the same time beckoning to him an officer from the front rank behind him, whom he charged to inform himself of "the

name and residence of the old man and child standing in yonder niche of the rock."

Shortly after the whole cavalcade had passed, and when the foremost of the company had reached a road in the mountains on the opposite side of the valley, a distant sound of trumpets was heard, and over the summit of the hill was seen a troop of soldiers approaching, accompanied by a multitude of spectators. Others again succeeded, throng after throng, when the peaceful little valley again became filled with armed men, neighing steeds, and splendid colours. The king of Persia came, attended by the whole of his court and army, with long trains of camels, some white, and others jet black. The king himself rode upon a beautiful white Arab horse, gorgeously caparisoned in red morocco harness, with gold studs and precious jewels. His own robe and turban blazed with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. Above his head was supported, by four horsemen, a spacious silk canopy, rose-coloured.

As the two companies came together, the Persian monarch left his cavalcade, and, drawing near, saluted his royal visitor, who, with much dignity and grace, received his princely welcome. The Persian guards then followed in the rear of the procession, and their king rode by the side of his mourning guest, both under the same canopy. In the space of two or three hours the great multitude had passed over the mountains and reached the city, and the little valley was once more left in silence to Ben Hafiz, his wife, and their thoughtful and wondering child.

The remainder of the day was spent in conjectures respecting the cause of the black king's visit; also, that of his sending to inquire the names and dwelling of Ben Hafiz and Narina. Sherzaran, of course, thought of nothing less than that her "rose-bud," as she called her, was to become a great queen, and she and her husband to be grantees.

"Heaven help your poor head!" said the worthy old Ben; "what pretty grantees an old shepherd and a fleece-dresser would make! What I want to know is, who this king can be, and why he should send to ask about us. I am not sure that he is any better than the wicked magician who has heretofore so troubled us." And then, recollecting the ring, he applied it to his finger for the purpose of gaining the desired information; but their angel protectress did not answer the summons, which greatly perplexed the old couple. They then concluded that it would, perhaps, prove serviceable to them only in cases where immediate danger threatened their little charge. In silence and anxiety, therefore, they implored a blessing on their endeavours for her welfare, and, hoping all for the best, lay down for the night in sleep and innocence.

## CHAPTER VI.

ON the following morning, shortly after sunrise, a man richly dressed, and on horseback, rode up to the cottage, and inquired for Ben Hafiz. The good housewife

informed him that her husband had left home to attend his flock ; at the same time she requested him to inform her what was the business of so fine a gentleman with a poor shepherd. "Good dame," said the messenger, "your husband will know my business when he hears my errand ; suffice to say, I am come from the king who arrived yesterday, and must see Ben Hafiz : to whom, and no one else, am I ordered to deliver my master's commands."

"Ah, ah !" said the kind old soul ; "I know your business as well as if you had told it to me ; and you need not have huffed me off so, for I *can* keep a secret." Then, rubbing her hands, and laughing, "We shall be grand folks in our old days—I know we shall, for I have dreamt so three times." So saying, she trotted round to the end of the cottage, and pointed out to the horseman her husband in the distance ; who, with Nabina and his dog at his side, was seated upon the bank of a little brook under a palm tree. Away rode the messenger, and Sherzaran returned to her household work, and the nursing of her thoughts of their future greatness.

"Ben Hafiz," said the courier, after leaping the brook, and coming close to him, "you are commanded by the great king who arrived here yesterday, my master, to go to the court of the king of Persia, and to take with you the child that was standing at your side when his majesty passed under the cliffs upon leaving the sea-shore." "Who is this great king ?" replied Ben Hafiz ; "and what can he want with a poor shepherd

and his child?" "All this you will hear when you come into my lord's presence." "But how are my poor legs to carry me to such a distance, when it would take some hours to ride there?" "That labour will be spared you; for, in about an hour from this time, a chariot from the king, your master, will come to your cottage to convey you both before my lord. You must, therefore, return home and prepare for your journey." So saying, the messenger turned his horse's head, and rode back the way he came.

Ben Hafiz and his little companion now bent their steps towards the cottage, hand in hand, for the purpose of being properly equipped, and in attendance when the royal chariot should come to carry them before the stranger-king. The old shepherd had never been without the ring and the dagger; and, as he had more than once found the benefit of attending to the instructions he had received from the heavenly visitor, he still determined that they should accompany him. He also resolved that Narina, in case of danger, should go in her silver-feathered shoes. "I will go in them, dear Ben Hafiz," said she, "to please you, but I shall not want them." The confident tone of this speech, so different from any he had ever before heard from his darling, surprised the old man, and set him thinking.

The grand carriage now came for them, and the kind old Sherzaran bustled about the doorway, now and then humming a low tune; and then trotting in-doors to hasten the travellers; at one time clapping her hands, when she thought of what she hoped would come to

pass; and at another, twitching some part of her dress, to make it sit with propriety, as she appeared before the king's coachman and the royal attendants; and, lastly, as they drove from the door, following them with her blessings.

In due time the couple arrived at the gates of the palace, where a page was prepared to receive them, who led them through a number of galleries and apartments, till they arrived at a particular one, when he took his leave, requesting them to remain till his lord should come. He had scarcely closed the door, when another on the opposite side of the room was opened, and the same tall, handsome, and sorrowful figure appeared before them whom they had observed, and who had so particularly noticed them, the day before. Immediately upon his entrance, he fixed his eyes upon the child, and suddenly walked towards the window, where he remained for a considerable time in silence. At length, taking a deep breath, he turned round, and walking towards the two, he said,—“Ben Hafiz, I have already inquired respecting you, and have learned that this child is not your own, but that you rescued her from peril, and with your good wife have protected and fostered her. Is it not so? Did you not also receive with her certain rare and precious articles, that have been especially serviceable to you in cases where danger threatened the babe? Confess to me freely.”

“Great king! and my lord!” said the unflinching old shepherd, as he looked steadily in his face, “I also have heard much of *you*, and (pardon the boldness of



an old man who has bound himself to perform a sacred duty), before I make known the whole history of this dear babe, I must be assured that your thoughts concerning one whom I shall not name, are altered, and that you are prepared both to receive and cherish her memory. When I feel that to be the case, I shall be able to set your heart at rest, and render you in all respects the *father* of your child. I am now her father; I have been her father; and, again I say, great king, pardon the boldness of one so humble in life compared with him to whom he is thus talking, her father I shall remain, till I discover one more worthy than myself to claim that title. I speak it not in boast, my lord, but I am so armed in honesty, resolution, and powerful weapons entrusted to me for her defence, that I fear no human attempts to force her from my protection."

"Excellent old man!" said the king; "would that I had had such a friend at my side when my mind was poisoned against her of whom I was unworthy, and whom I now believe to be in the company of the good and the blessed, and scarcely more free from unholy taint than when in the flesh she deigned to become my companion."

He had scarcely uttered these words, than Narina, with a countenance glowing with delight, leaped into his arms, and with both hers encircling his neck, buried her face in his bosom. They sank down together upon a seat, and the old shepherd, quickly putting the ring upon the finger of the king, hurried from the

room, which had instantly become conscious of a heavenly presence.

After such time had been passed as allowed Narina to describe to her father the events of her life, with the uniform tenderness and watchful care of the good old shepherd and his wife, at his desire she left the room, and returned to it again accompanied by her faithful friend; when the king took him by the hand, and told him that it was his own wish, and particularly that of his daughter, that he and the affectionate Sherzaran should return with them to his own country, where they should pass the remainder of their days in peace, and in such occupation as they might choose for their own delight. "You shall still be my Narina's father," added he, "and I hope you will be my friend. As for the precious articles that were discovered in the chest on the sea, the shoes shall remain with her; the ring will be mine, for by means of its virtue I shall recover the society of one from whom I ought never to have been estranged; and you, as the long-tried champion and protector of our Narina, shall still keep the dagger in charge for her defence in time of need."

"It is hard to take with safety an old tree from its soil," said Ben Hafiz; "and still harder to change the course of its growth and habit: if, therefore, my lord will permit me still to continue my peaceful employment of tending my old friends and fleecy companions, and once a-day to come and look upon the face of her whose affectionate gratitude and cheerful obedience have been the delight of my heart for eleven

happy years, I will follow him and her throughout the world."

The king instantly accorded with the worthy shepherd's request. Ben Hafiz and his wife were lodged that night in the palace. Who now was so happy as Sherzaran?—her dreams of greatness had been fulfilled! But how much more happy was her husband: for he closed his eyes for the night with the pleasing reflection of having performed his duty; added to which, he received the approbation of the celestial spirit, who informed him that, as he had been the protector of the helpless, true to his word, and faithful and zealous in his undertaking, he had already received his reward in this life, by the possession of a good, and therefore happy conscience: "What your lot may be in the life to come, Ben Hafiz," said the angel-mother, "I may not disclose; rest satisfied, however, with the assurance that the Great Being, in whose sight I draw an eternity of bliss, can in nowise cast forth those who strive to imitate Him in acts of long-suffering and loving-kindness."



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